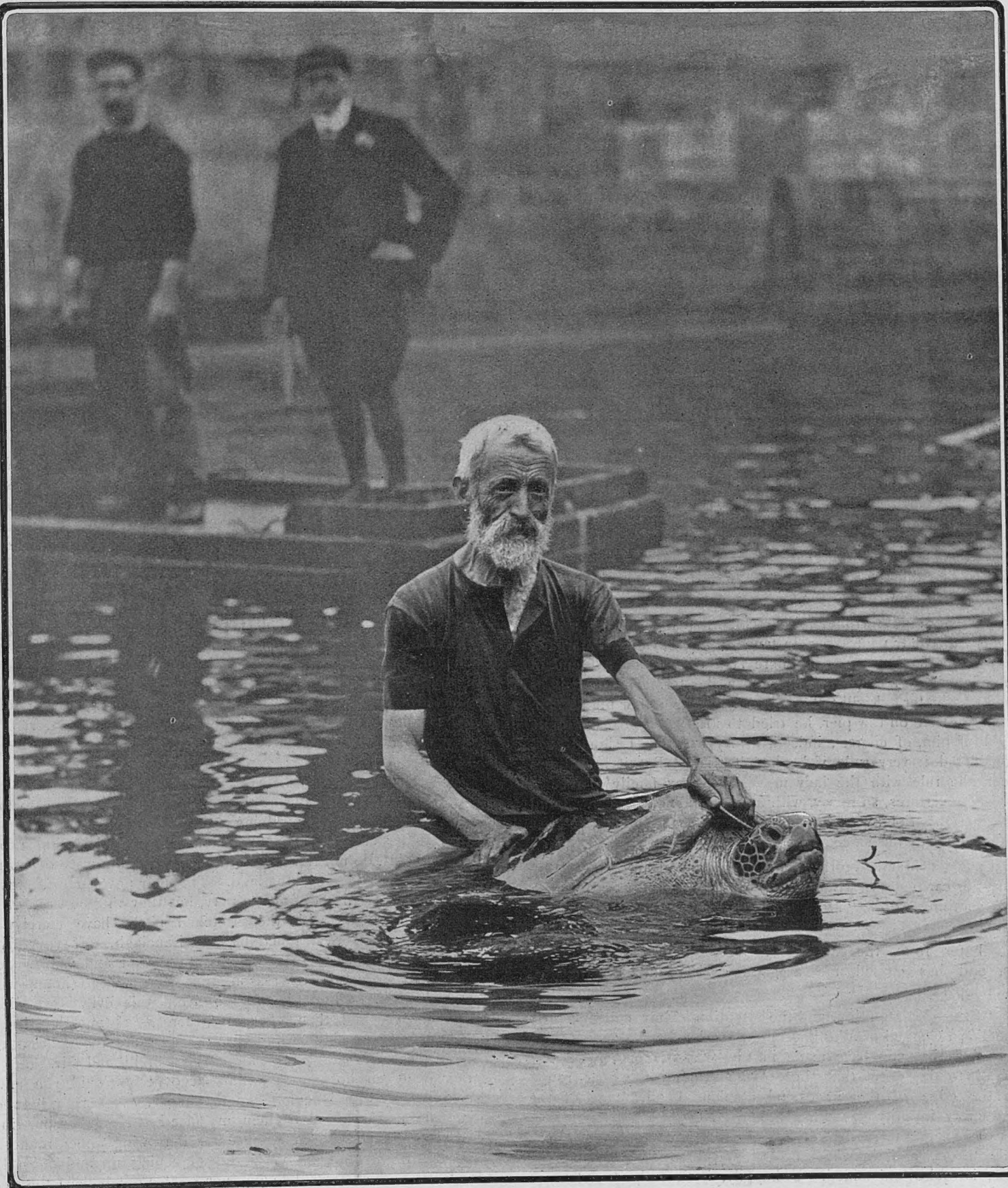


The Sketch

No. 704.—Vol. LV.

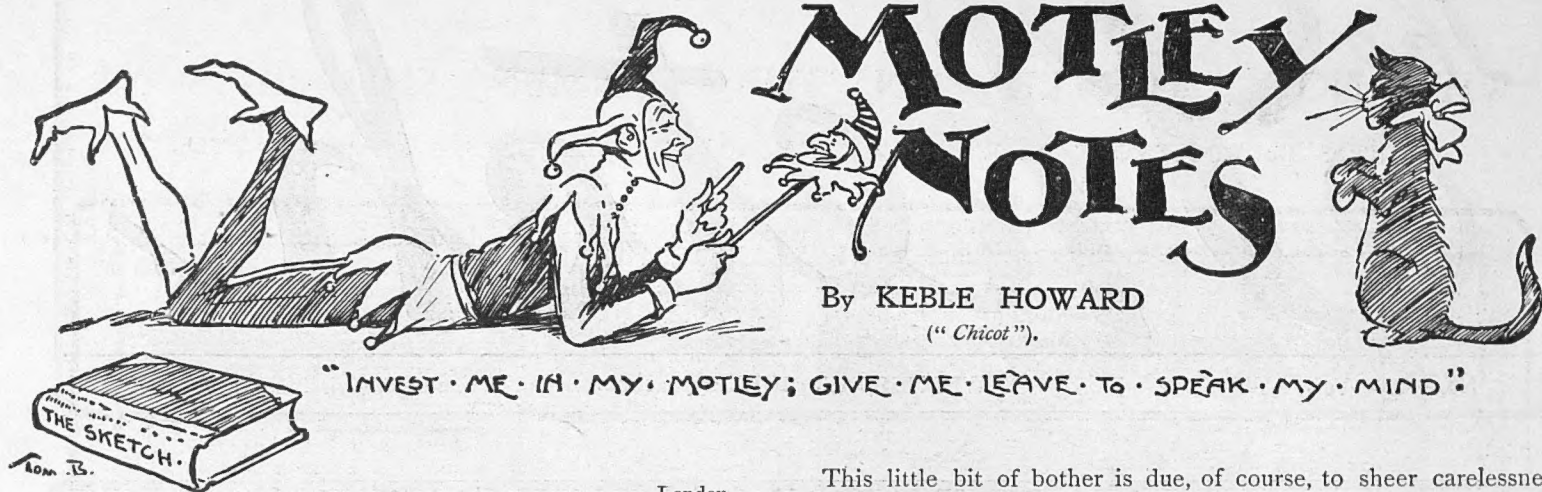
WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE PIONEER OF "TURLING": M. LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT RIDING A "LOGGERHEAD"
AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

M. Louis de Rougemont's steed for the occasion referred to was a fine turtle—in familiar language, "loggerhead"—weighing 2½ cwt. Other photographs are given on another page of this issue. M. Louis de Rougemont is to appear at the London Hippodrome.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.]



London.

ON my return from Daydream Cove I found several communications awaiting me, all more or less petulant, in reply to my statement last week to the effect that sea-air makes people mad. "Dull Dog," for example, sends me an advertisement that he has clipped from the New York *Evening Sun*, and suggests that English seaside towns would be far more amusing if only English people would take their pleasures as madly as Americans. Here is the gist of the advertisement—

GENUINE RAILROAD COLLISION. TWENTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR ENGINES SMASHED INTO SCRAP-IRON. THE SHOW THAT WILL MAKE OTHER SHOWS LOOK LIKE A PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOW. STOP! LISTEN! THINK! READ! WE DASH TOGETHER AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR. THE VERY GROUND TREMBLES WHEN IRON MONSTERS MEET. NO BRAKES ARE APPLIED. WITH OPEN THROTTLES, SCREAMING OF WHISTLES, A FULL HEAD OF STEAM, AND EXPLODING TORPEDOES, THE IRON MONSTERS DASH AT EACH OTHER WITH A MIGHTY CRASH AND ROAR THAT, NO MATTER HOW BLASÉ YOU ARE, THE BLOOD WILL SURGE INTO YOUR HEART AND YOU WILL STAND IN AWE. Grand Stand, fifty cents.

"Dull Dog" merely affords another illustration of the truth that we do not value anything that we get for nothing. How, I ask you, can a collision between a couple of mere engines be compared with a series of collisions between motor-omnibuses laden with human beings? Come to London, dear "Dull Dog."

"Mamie," again, has something to say on the subject of sea-air and madness. She writes—

"You are quite wrong, Mr. Chicot, when you say that sea-air sends everybody mad. For instance, I am staying at Margate, and am perfectly sane. But there is a young man, a friend of mine, staying a few doors further down the terrace, and he is as mad as a hatter. I will tell you how I know. A few nights ago, while we were on the pier, he tried to kiss me. That was quite right of him, of course; indeed, I may say that I should have considered it very rude if he hadn't tried. But it has always been the rule with the lady members of my family to receive the first overtures, so to say, with a sound box on the ear. I did this, and my friend was so mad that he went off in a huff and has not spoken to me since. What would you advise me to do?"

I should advise "Mamie" to send her friend a portrait of herself on a picture-postcard, and to write in the space provided for that purpose Milton's soothing words, "More is meant than meets the ear."

The letter from the Mayor of Westbourne-on-Sea is more serious, and has caused me a good deal of anxious thought. His Worship says—

"SIR,—My attention, and the attention of my colleagues on the Town Council of Westbourne-on-Sea has been drawn to the assertion that you have made in the current number of *The Sketch* to the effect that those 'who live all the year round at the edge of the waves take splendid advantage of the temporary insanity of their visitors.' Now, Sir, this is a very serious charge to bring against the residents of English seaside towns, and, in the case of Westbourne-on-Sea at any rate, is quite unjustified. Unhappily, it is only too true of many of our neighbours; but I shall be glad if you will take an early opportunity of contradicting your statement in the case of the salubrious town of which I have the honour this year of being the leading representative."

This little bit of bother is due, of course, to sheer carelessness. I ought to have said that there are two seaside towns where the residents combine to give their visitors the maximum amount of pleasure at the minimum cost. Of these two, Westbourne-on-Sea is one. Everybody knows the other. (Will seaside mayors kindly note?)

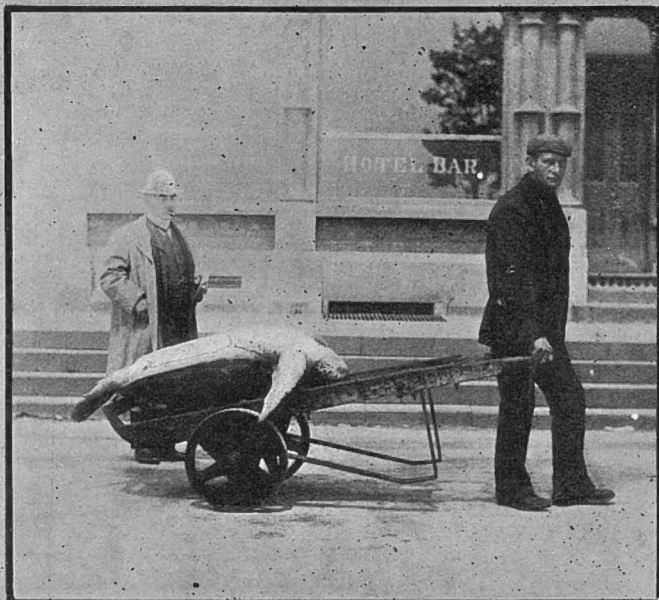
Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, taking advantage of Mr. Bart Kennedy's absence in America, has been writing an article in the *Daily Mail* "In Praise of the Fist." Mr. Maeterlinck complains that the average human being does not know how to fight with his fists. "Look at two draymen," he says, "two peasants, who come to blows; nothing could be more pitiable. After a copious and dilatory broadside of insults and threats, they seize each other by the throat and hair, make play with their feet, with their knees, at random, bite each other, scratch each other, get entangled in their motionless rage, dare not leave go, and, if one of them succeed in releasing an arm, he strikes out blindly, and most often into space, a series of hurried, stunted, and spluttering little blows; nor would the combat ever end, did not the treacherous knife, evoked by the disgrace of the incongruous sight, suddenly, almost spontaneously, leap from the pocket of one or the other."

Well, that is exceedingly amusing, and I have no doubt it describes a fight between two French peasants to a nicety. Personally, I have never witnessed a bout of amateur fisticuffs in France. If they really seize each other by the throat and hair, make play with their feet and their knees at random, bite, scratch, and get entangled, it would be worth while crossing the Channel on the chance of seeing it. The English peasantry, however, do nothing of the sort. They may kick, but they never bite or scratch. Their main idea is to hit the other chap on the nose as often and as hard as possible. This, you see, brings blood, and, at the first sign of blood, their women-folk, shrieking and wailing, rush forward and drag the warriors apart. The remainder of the battle is conducted by word of mouth, and then the man who drew first blood is allowed to buy beer at the nearest ale-house for all the people who have been enjoying the free show.

If, friend the reader, during the next few weeks, you see members of the British aristocracy walking or driving about with their heads thrown so far back that their poor necks are stretched almost to the breaking-point, do not run away with the idea that a wave of haughtiness is sweeping through the land. The lady novelists will probably jump at that solution of the mystery, but they will be wrong. The uncomfortable dears with the stretched necks have merely been attending "aeronautical functions" at Ranelagh. If your friends are so inconsiderate as to shoot up into the air and vanish among the clouds, it stands to reason that you will go home with a stretched neck. The only way to avoid this evil is to lie flat on your back, and then, of course, there is always the risk that somebody may tread on your face. These are the drawbacks to a life of pleasure that "Rita" and Miss Corelli, and Mr. Sutro and Father Vaughan do not take into account. Would you envy a Society beauty who is compelled to choose, this season, between a stretched neck and a trodden-on face? Next season, in all probability, there will be a craze for burrowing underground, and then you will see all the poor darlings creeping up and down Bond Street with arched backs, like angry cats. Do not believe the people who tell you that the Smart Set think only of themselves. As for their sins, they would never have thought of being naughty if the novelists and playwrights and preachers hadn't put it into their heads.

WHY NOT "TURTLE" ON THE THAMES THIS SEASON?

M. LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT SHOWS HIS ABILITY TO RIDE THE FIERY, UNTAMED TURTLE.



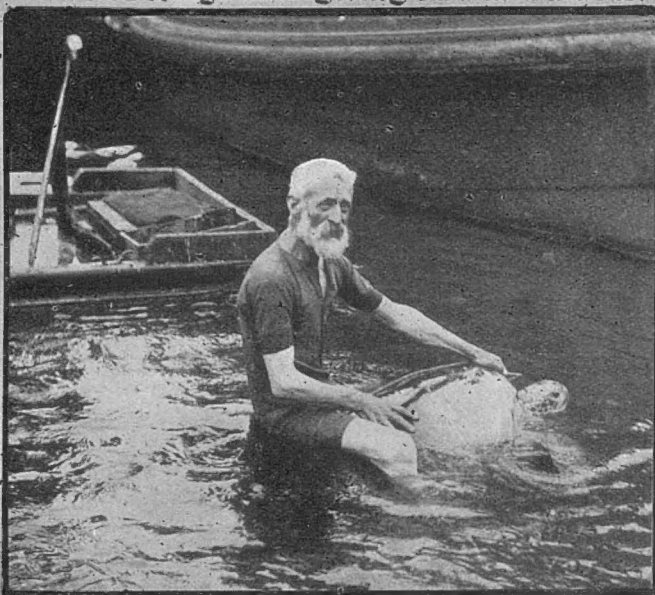
The fiery untamed steed drawn along the street.



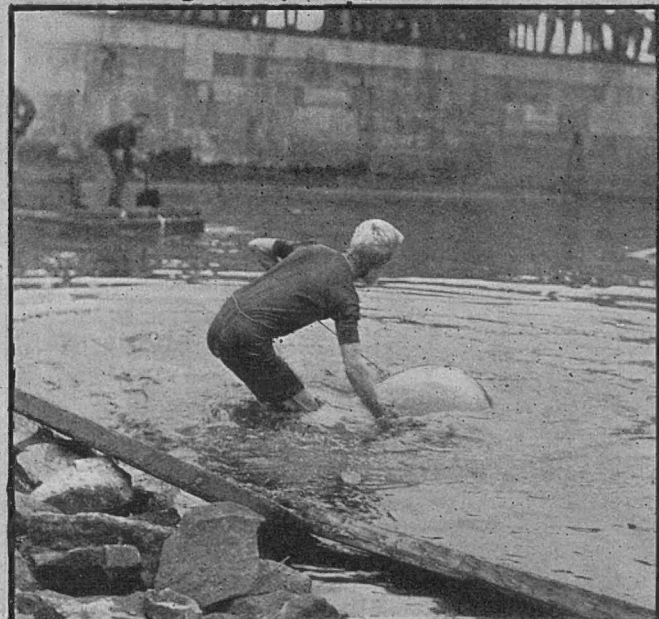
M. de Rougemont giving final instructions.



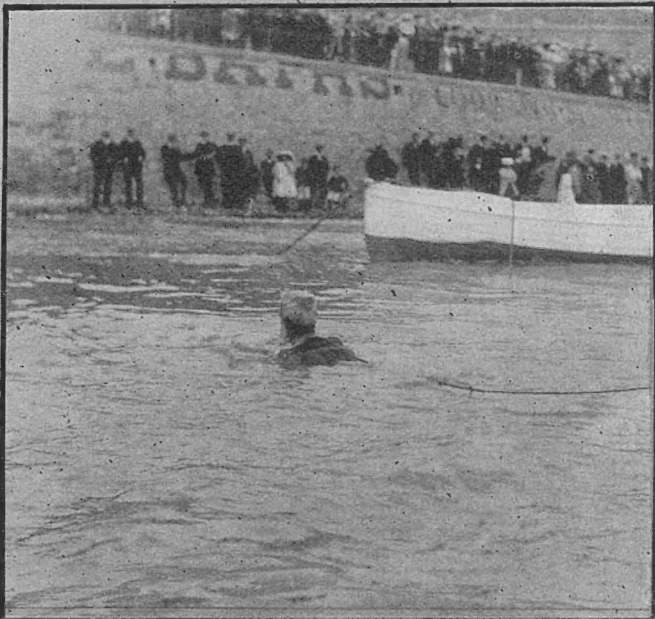
M. de Rougemont pushing his mount into the water.



The rider on his steed - full speed ahead.



The Turtle, having turned M. de Rougemont, M. de Rougemont turns the Turtle.



The Turtle takes M. de Rougemont not only through, but below the water.

M. Louis de Rougemont journeyed to Avonmouth Dock last week, and from there to Weston-super-Mare, in order that he might again demonstrate the fact that he can use the turtle as a steed. On arrival at Avonmouth, it was found that there was not enough water to enable M. de Rougemont to experiment in comfort, and so turtle and turtle-trainer set off for Weston-super-Mare. There M. de Rougemont mounted his strange steed and contrived to ride it. Why should not the experiment result in a new sport, and in a new verb—"to turtle"?

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

THE CLUBMAN.

"One of the Best" in Stage and in Real Life—Wounded Zulus: Difficulties in Dealing With Them—Some Rorke's Drift Experiences—"No Quarter"—The Guards and Mr. Haldane's Scheme.

WHEN the Dreyfus case was in its infancy Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Seymour Hicks wrote a melodrama entitled "One of the Best," and made their hero a British Dreyfus, an officer falsely accused, tried by court-martial, publicly degraded, and at last, his innocence being proved, publicly reinstated to his rank. The authors asked me if I could tell them what would happen if an officer, publicly disgraced, were to be reinstated, and though I spent a day in the library of the United Service Institute trying to find a precedent I could not discover one. There were cases of a British officer being publicly disgraced, but not one of a wrong verdict having been given and a subsequent reinstatement.

I suggested that a full-dress parade and the gift of a sword to the injured officer—the hero's sword had been broken in fragments, just as Dreyfus's was—by the General in command would probably be the ceremony which would take place; but Mr.

William Terriss, who was to play the hero, had a brilliant inspiration: he suggested that the General should hand him the colours of the regiment, and that the curtain should drop upon a tableau, he grasping the colours in one arm, and embracing the heroine with the other, and that eventually was the situation on which the curtain fell. Now the real last act is being played before our eyes, and Major Dreyfus is to be reinstated at Vincennes. If "One of the Best" is ever revived in London, the authors will have to find a British equivalent for the Legion of Honour.



[Photo Gilliams Press syndicate.]

A UNIQUE PORTRAIT: THE LATE LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN—TAKEN AT WASHINGTON.

Will they decorate their hero with the Cross of the Bath, or will they solace him with that of the Victorian Order?

Those members of Parliament who have asked questions as to the treatment of wounded natives in the Natal and Zululand insurrection can have no idea of the difficulty there is to any humane man in dealing with a wounded Zulu. I do not suppose that the natives of those parts have changed in disposition since I soldiered in South Africa, and immediately after the relief of Rorke's Drift I had some experience of succouring the wounded enemy. I was with the relieving force, and when the troops for the duties of the day were told off I was sent out on picket. There were a number of wounded Zulus in the mealie-fields round the farm of Rorke's Drift, and the first one we found was an old man, with a ringed head and greying hair, a man of the veteran regiments. He had no fight left in him, and I had him picked up and sent into camp. No harm happened to him, I can certify, for I saw him off the premises myself next day, watched him get across the drift with the aid of two gourds, and saw him hobble into the cover of a kopje, whence, no doubt, he trekked at nightfall to join his friends and relations.

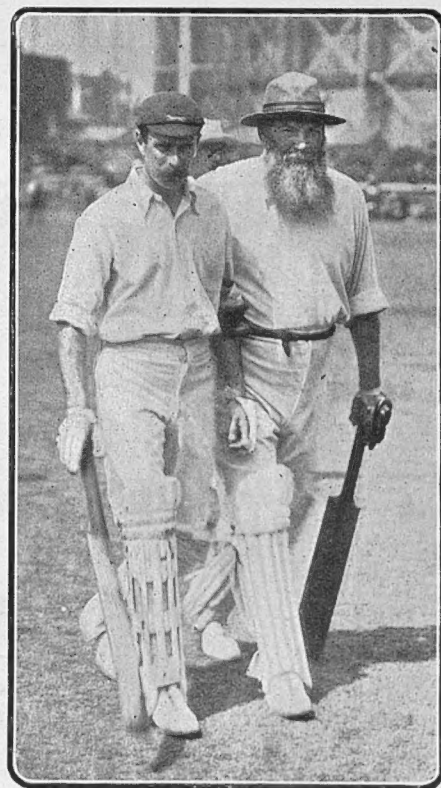
My next wounded man was a very different customer. He announced his presence by a light assagai, thrown with much skill, which whizzed past my ear, just missing me. He was one of the men of the King's regiments, with a white-and-brown shield, and was under the shelter of a rock in a place of vantage. I told a Basuto who was with me to inform him that we did not want to kill him, and, though my knowledge of Zulu was limited, I assured him so myself. He only showed his teeth, and got his biggest assagai into stabbing position. The Basuto saw that he had been shot through the stomach, and suggested that in an hour he would be too stiff to be dangerous;

and when I came back through that mealie-field an hour later, and approached the rock very cautiously, I found that the Basuto had been a good prophet: the man had died of his wound. Had he not been as unreasonable as a trapped tiger-cat he might have been in condition to join my personally despatched tour across the Blood River next day.

Some of the blood-thirsty customs of all the Zulu tribes, whether they be in Natal or in Zululand, cannot be accounted atrocities. For instance, every native firmly believes that if he kills a man in battle and does not rip him up, his, the killer's, body will swell as the body of his victim does. There are other superstitions equally strange and equally objectionable, but they are part of the custom of war in those uncivilised regions, and if a Zulu were told that, should

he be killed in war by a native opponent, his body would be treated with the utmost respect, he probably would not say "Thank you" for an act of humanity which would be against all the traditions of his race. The cry of "No quarter" raised by white men under great provocation, such as finding the horribly mutilated body of a comrade, does not mean really that no quarter will be given. I have heard that cry before now; but the spirit of mercy is so strong in the white man, and especially in the white man who knows the native well and looks on him as an impetuous, foolish, easily led child, that the men who have raised the cry are often the first to risk their lives to help some plucky wounded enemy.

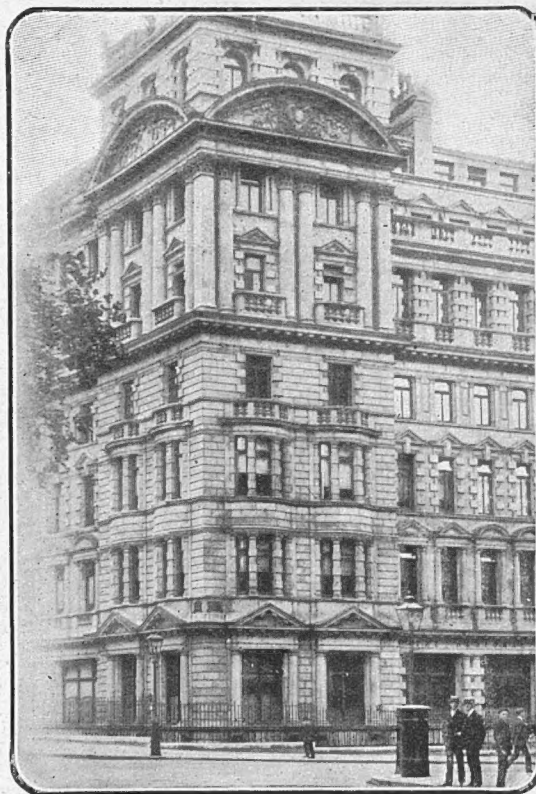
The disbandment of the line battalions which are to disappear under Mr. Haldane's scheme seems to be accepted without much grumbling in the clubs, but it is otherwise concerning the two battalions of the Guards. I rather fancy that Mr. Haldane may be eventually disposed to modify his scheme in this respect, and I should not be at all surprised if, before the re-organisation is complete, the Irish Guards find themselves with two battalions instead of one.



58 NOT OUT, AND STILL SCORING: DR. W. G. GRACE, WITH MR C. J. B. WOOD, AT THE GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS MATCH AT THE OVAL.

Dr. Grace was fifty-eight on July 19. Batting in the Gentlemen v. Players match he scored 78—4 in the first innings, 74 in the second.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



WHERE MANY MILLIONS WERE MADE: THE LATE MR. ALFRED BEIT'S BUSINESS HOUSE, THE OFFICES OF MESSRS. WERNHER, BEIT, AND CO., LONDON WALL BUILDINGS.

At the moment of writing, the amount of the late Mr. Alfred Beit's estate has not been announced. At present it is known that he has left £1,935,000 for public purposes, including £1,200,000 for a Cape-Cairo railway scheme.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE WEDDING OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "LODGER."



MR. AND MRS. J. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, ON SATURDAY LAST.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer—"My Lodger," as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain called him on a memorable occasion—was married to Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, daughter of Colonel H. L. Dundas and Mrs. Dundas, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the official church of the House of Commons, on Saturday last. "Mr. Austen's" best man was his brother, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, while the bride was attended by Miss Margaret Dundas, her only sister; the Misses Ida and Hilda Chamberlain, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Constance Rider, cousin of the bride; the Misses Dorothy and Margaret Codrington, Miss Barbara Jones, and Miss Violet Hargreaves; Miss Hilda Richards, niece of the bridegroom, and Master Sidney Hargreaves acted as train-bearers. Presents were received from many distinguished people, headed by the King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. His Majesty's gift was a silver inkstand; her Majesty's, a turquoise and diamond scarf-pin. The Prince and Princess of Wales presented gold and diamond sleeve-links. The reception was held in the ball-room at Queen Anne's Mansions. The earlier part of the honeymoon is being spent at Mr. and Mrs. Leverton Harris's delightful Dorking home, Camilla Lacey, so called from the fact that Mme. D'Arblay wrote "Camilla" there. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain will go to Brittany.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
At 6, in DOWN OUR ALLEY. At 8.30, MONSIEUR DE PARIS. MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH as Jacinta. FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, Aug. 1, at 2.30.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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FRANK DANBY. Pigs in Clover.
STEPHEN CRANE. The Red Badge of Courage.
FLORA ANNIE STEEL. On the Face of the Waters.
VIOLET JACOB. The Sheep Stealers.
SIR GILBERT PARKER. The Right of Way.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIES. Soldiers of Fortune.
JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY. If I were King.
ROBERT BICHENS. Flames.
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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

KING EDWARD returned to town from Newmarket on Thursday last and spent the week-end at Compton Place, Eastbourne, the Sussex home of the Duke of Devonshire. Yesterday (24th) there was a large investiture of Orders at Buckingham Palace, and on Monday next his Majesty will leave town for the season, and proceed to Goodwood House, where he will be the guest of the Duke of Richmond for the race

week. He will go to the Hôtel Weimar, at Marienbad, about the middle of August, and is expected to stay there for about three weeks. The Queen will spend Goodwood week at Sandringham or in the Isle of Wight, and will be on board the *Victoria and Albert* at Cowes during the regatta week. The Prince of Wales will also be at Cowes, and will go on from there to Yorkshire to stay at Studley Royal with the Marquess of Ripon and shoot with Lord de Grey over the famous Dallowgill Moors.

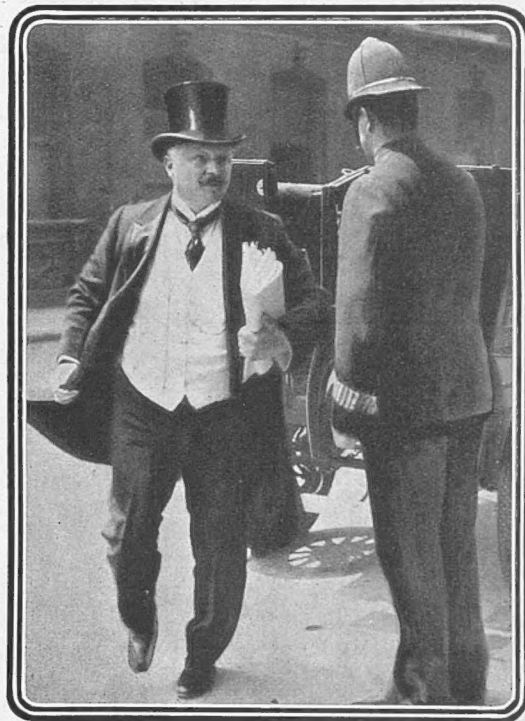
The Peacemaker and the War Lord.

The statement, made on the authority of Lord Knollys, that the long-rumoured and much-contradicted meeting of the King and the Kaiser may yet take place will be welcomed by many in this country and in Germany. "Pity 'tis 'tis true" that the feeling between the subjects of the Peacemaker and the War Lord has not been invariably of the friendliest during the last few years. There is no reason why things should be thus. Matters are beginning to right themselves. The

visit of the German editors to this country has already been of help, and the return visit that is likely to be made should cause a still more cordial understanding. More valuable by far will be a handshake between the Kaiser and the King—the handshake of the friend, not of the prize-ring.

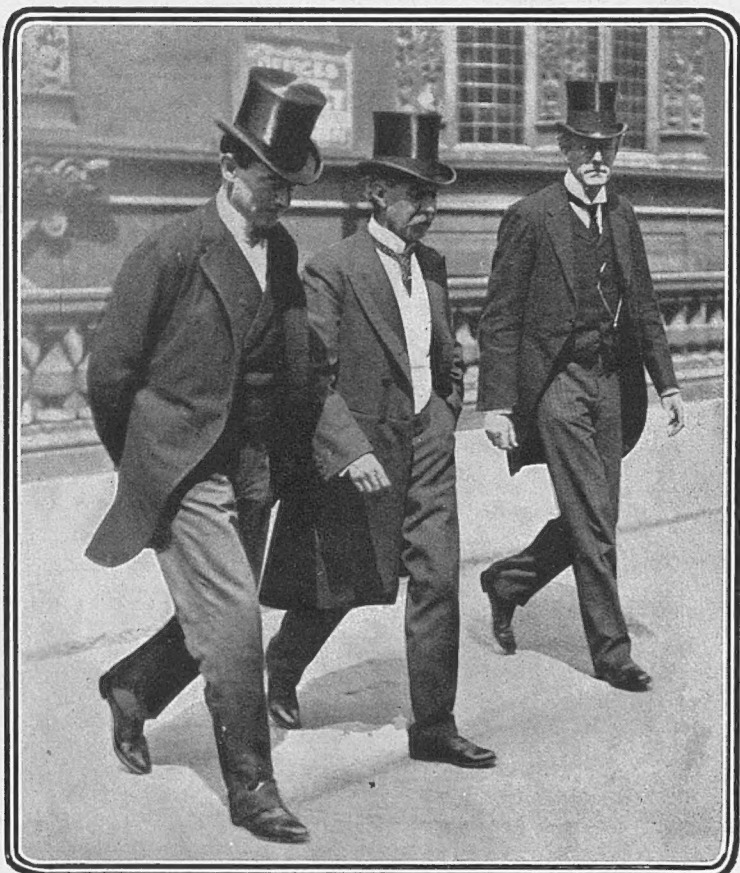
Official and Unofficial Ghouls.

There must be times when a death must give the most tender-hearted of Chancellors of the Exchequer a ghoulish sense of extreme satisfaction with the world at large, just as there are times when the passing of a great man or a great woman, a notorious man or a notorious woman, causes a glow of pleasure in the breast of the journalist. The writer's moment of joy comes when he realises that a distinguished personage has ended his career in excellent time for the next issue of the paper, and that there is an exceptionally up-to-date biography of him already in type or pigeon-holed; the Chancellor has his thrill when the name of the dead brings to him a vision of a national balance-sheet swelling "wisibly" and on the credit side before his eyes. So, officially, Mr. Asquith must have rejoiced at the death of Mr. Alfred Beit, whatever his personal, his unofficial feelings may have been. Estates of over a million sterling are liable to be taxed eight per cent. At the moment of writing the amount left by the famous financier has not been definitely stated, but it is generally agreed that the duties payable are not likely to amount to less than a million, and may approach nearer the two millions than the one. Will this mean something off the income tax?



THE NIGHT WORK OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT OF A ROYAL COMMISSION: CHIEF-DETECTIVE INSPECTOR FROEST ARRIVING AT CAXTON HALL WITH AN ARMFUL OF EVIDENCE.

Photograph by Park.



THE P.C. AND LONDON BY NIGHT: MEMBERS OF THE POLICE COMMISSION LEAVING CAXTON HALL FOR LUNCH.

The Commission appointed to inquire into the methods of the Metropolitan Police, more especially in the West End at night, is now sitting. Our photograph shows Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P.; Sir David Brynmor Jones, Chairman of the Commission; and Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P.

Photograph by Park.

Waistcoats at the House.

Coloured waistcoats have introduced a note of colour into the House of Commons. They enliven even the Treasury Bench, Mr. Morley and Mr. Lloyd-George being among the followers of fashion. Every second member in the Conservative quarter has done honour to summer by wearing a coloured waistcoat, and the variety of hues and shades has been quite picturesque. There have been buffs and creams, slate-colour and light blue. The white waistcoat with evening-dress has also relieved the dull monotony of the appearance of St. Stephen's. Most members, however, adhere to the frock-coat, grey if not black. Lord Robert Cecil is one of the few who wear a lounge-jacket with a silk hat.

Mr. Keir Hardie's Hat.

Mr. Keir Hardie's straw hat has superseded his red tie in the eye of Parliament. Several other members wear similar headgear in these sunny days, but as a rule they do not put it on while in the House, or they sit in an inconspicuous place. Mr. Hardie's hat challenges attention at all times. When he rises to speak he hangs it on the elbow of the bench where he occupies a corner. Other members on addressing the Chair place their hats out of sight on their bench, but Mr. Hardie flaunts his in the public view. Unfortunately, it is not a shapely article.



MISS NANCY PRICE IN LILLIPUT: THE POPULAR ACTRESS DRIVING A MINIATURE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY ENGINE AND GOODS TRAIN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Jockeys as Cricketers. It was George Fordham who once said to W. G. Grace, "I have been to the Oval to see

you play cricket a number of times, but have never yet seen you score a century." To which "W. G." replied, "I have seen you ride in the Derby several times, but have never seen you ride the winner." But George did ride Sir Bevis to victory at Epsom when "W. G." was not there, and "W. G." made centuries galore at the Oval when George was not present. It is a fact, by-the-by, that our jockeys were always partial to cricket as a pastime, and it will surprise many to learn that the knights of the pigskin took daily practice with the bat on Ascot racecourse to get ready for their match against the Athletes at the Oval. The brothers Cannon—Morny, Kempton, and Tom—are all good cricketers, while a fourth brother, Charley, is fond of the game. M. Cannon is a very clever skipper, and he gets the best value out of his men at all times. The Americans, Danny Maher and J. H. Martin, are both good all-round cricketers and baseball players. At the latter game Maher is supposed to be of the top class, while Martin adds the sport of tobogganing to his other pastimes. The clever cross-country jockey, George Williamson, is a good cricketer. He bowls with a dogged determination to get wickets cheaply, and he often succeeds. Philip Chaloner, who is no longer seen in the saddle, shines at the Oval. He is a good bat and a safe run-getter. H. Woodland is another useful man in a match, and it is a matter for wonder that cross-country jockeys, whose hands are so knocked about, can handle the bat and the ball so well. Carslake, the Australian jockey, who is just twenty years of age, is a capital bowler and a useful bat. He has a pretty style. Lawton and Woodman, two cross-country jockeys, are good men to have in an eleven, and W. Griggs, who looks very funny while handling a bat nearly as tall as himself, is a useful bat. The jockeys are very serious when playing cricket. Race-riding has taught them to act thus.

Avaunt, Grey Hair!

Yet another determined attack on grey hair; once respected, now reviled. No longer need the workman, fearful of being found too old at forty and of being "given away" by the silver threads, spend hard-earned shillings on dyes as likely to turn his hair heliotrope or green as brown or black. He need not even iron his locks or have them singed, as recently suggested. He has but to subject his head to the X-rays—so it is decreed by a French scientist—and the grey hair will resume its original colour, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we must assume for ever, otherwise

the treatment is likely to be adopted only by millionaires. Welcome the thought that the barber's "Would you care to try this special wash, Sir?" may no longer be heard in the land.

Buying Pearls by the Yard.

The story is told of Mr. Rockefeller, who is at present staying in France, that a short time ago he went into the shop of one of the best Parisian jewellers and asked for some pearls. The jeweller, who recognised him, brought out the very best pearls he possessed, and Mr. Rockefeller, after looking at them pearl by pearl, inquired the price. With some hesitation, the jeweller asked four thousand pounds, remarking that they were exceptionally fine pearls. "I know," said the millionaire; "give me four yards of them." The jeweller nearly had a fit.

Vive la France!

One of the strangest revenges of time is the present attitude of the French nation towards Dreyfus. Only ten years ago the whole country was convulsed by the most dangerous agitation. When Zola went to the Palais de Justice a great howling mob of hundreds of thousands lined the route from the Place de la Concorde, and had to be kept in order by a strong force of cavalry. Their anger went out against the man for even hinting at a revision. The Press howled in its rage. How absolutely everything is changed! The most anti-Dreyfusard organs coo as mildly as any sucking-dove, or, by preference, they say nothing at all. Those who predicted that there would be a revival of the old scenes of bitterness when Dreyfus was acquitted by the Court have been entirely mistaken. Even the section of the army to which he is now attached has held out the hand of friendship, saying, "Let bygones be bygones." One can only murmur—"What a change! What a change!" It is proof, if you will, of a great ethical development in the French people. All honour to them for their frank recognition of a grievous mistake.



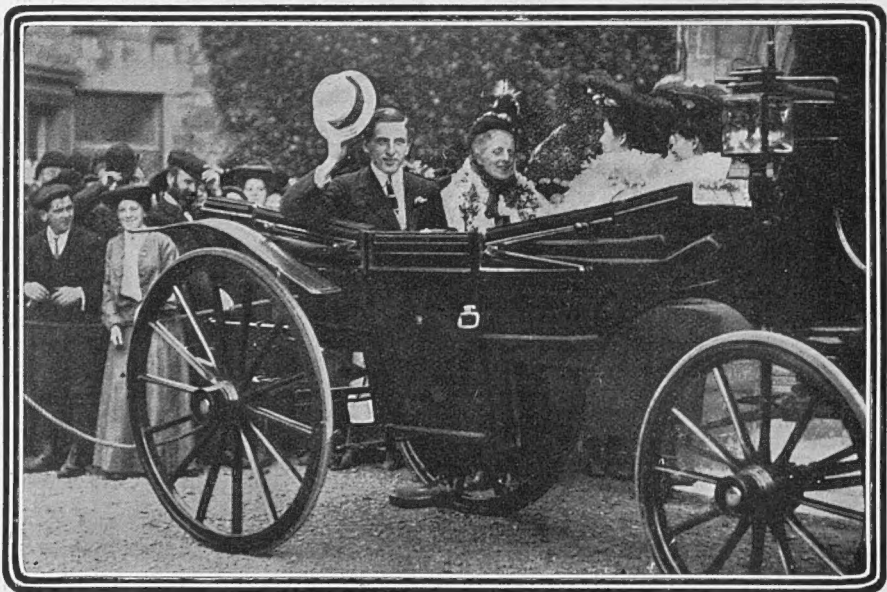
THE CHRISTENING OF THE KAISER'S FIRST GRANDSON: THE DISH AND JUG THAT WILL BE USED AT THE CEREMONY.

The christening of the baby son of the German Crown Prince will take place next month.

Photograph by Halfstones, Limited.

the ancient intervals of music. This flute, or pipe, is all the more valuable as it is the only one which has come down to us from antiquity.

The Flute of Pan. Among the Roman antiquities found at Alesia are some that are very interesting. One of them is a curious instrument shaped like a spoon at one end and like a fork at the other, an iron horse-shoe, and, what is the most valuable of all, a really ancient Pan's pipe. This instrument is made of carved wood, and is pierced with eight holes of different sizes. The notes can be sounded, and musicians will now be able to reconstruct



THE COMING OF AGE OF THE G. O. M.'S GRANDSON: MR. WILLIAM GLYNNE CHARLES GLADSTONE DRIVING TO HAWARDEN CASTLE, WHICH HAS JUST PASSED INTO HIS POSSESSION.

Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, who is the son of the late W. H. Gladstone, M.P., was born on the 14th of July, 1885, but is celebrating the attainment of his majority this week. Sir W. Richmond's memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will be unveiled at Hawarden to-day (the 25th).—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

THE DEATH OF A GREAT VICEREINE OF INDIA.

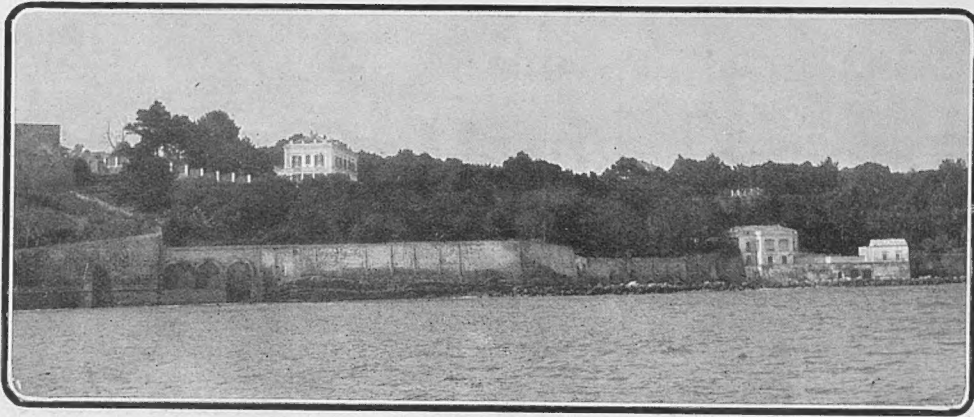


THE LATE LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON IN THE FAMOUS PEACOCK-FEATHER DRESS SHE WORE AT THE DELHI DURBAR.

In view of the untimely death of Lady Curzon, which is mourned not only by her many friends but by the public at large, superstitious folk are pointing to the fact that at the Delhi Durbar she wore a dress with a design of the unlucky peacock's feather. Lady Curzon, who was married in 1895, was a daughter of the late Mr. L. Z. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire.—[Photograph by Feakins.]

A Home of Memories.

The Villa Delahonte at Posillipo, near Naples, to which Lord Rosebery has gone for rest and change, is a home of sad memories. It was aforetime the home of our Lady of Sorrows, the Empress Eugénie. The house and the way there are symbolic of her own career. The approach is rough and unlovely, just as her ascent to the throne of France was unconventional, sensational. Within the house and its fairy-like grounds, all is perfect and sense-satisfying. The way out is the same with the way in: like her descent from



WHERE THE PLOUGHMAN OF THE LONELY FURROW IS SEEKING CHANGE: THE VILLA DELAHONTE, NEAR NAPLES, AT WHICH LORD ROSEBERY IS STAYING.

Photograph by Adénacar.

associated with a great ruler's consort. They are still waiting. She is one of Nature's Queens—gentle, affectionate, frank, and winsome; but they would not account her "regal" in Germany. She is passionately devoted to her husband and children, but her heart is in the hills or on the waters. It was while he and she were tasting the delights of one of their happy days of irresponsibility that the news of tragedy and of greatness reached them. To their pretty

yacht which floated lazily over the waters around the Greek islands a swift launch came racing. "The King is dead. Long live the King," was the cry from her deck. King Humbert had been laid low by the assassin.

La Malmaison.

Josephine's house at Malmaison has become a national museum, and is now open to the Parisian public. The house itself has been altered since the divorced spouse of Napoleon lived there, and the grounds have been reduced in size. The real interest lies in the furniture. Thanks to the Empress Eugénie and to the Garde Meuble (or national furniture depository), the rooms have been reconstituted and made to look as they were when Bonaparte and Josephine inhabited them, the future Emperor being then First Consul. History is bound up in each of these familiar objects. One small box is particularly interesting. It looks like a coffin; in some respects it is—the tomb of dead secrets. It is Napoleon's private despatch-box. It is here that he kept his most private documents of State. Another relic of Imperial days is the harp which once responded to the delicate fingers of the Empress Josephine. Long, indeed, before she was crowned, she played on this instrument, and charmed the ears of the young officer of artillery who was Napoleon Bonaparte. Nowadays, but five of the strings are left. In its mutilated condition it seems to recall the broken life of its mistress.



THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE KAISER'S GRANDSON: THE NEW CRADLE FOR THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S BABY.

Photograph by Halfones.



A MECHANICAL SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SHOEBLACK: A PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT BOOT-CLEANING MACHINE IN BERLIN.

Photograph by Halfones.

more bearable when the solitude is farthest from the haunts of those whose friendship he might have but will not that the Villa Delahonte is so dear to him.

News Across the Waters.

To see the Queen of Italy in her happiest mood she must be met in the nursery with her babies, or on the water in the yacht which she steers with a master mariner's art, or in the boat of which she is so perfect a mistress. When the present King of Italy wooed and won her from her wild Montenegrin home, he took her for her beauty and her qualities of heart. "Wait till I am Queen," she used to say when they lamented that she did not comport herself with the frigid dignity conventionally



The Queen.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY BOATING ON THE LAKE OF VILLA UMBERTO.

Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

THE PASSING OF A "SKETCH" FAVOURITE.



THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS, WHO DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF AN OPERATION LAST WEEK.

Miss Gaynor Rowlands was so familiar to readers of "The Sketch," not only by reason of her acting, but from the fact that her portrait appeared in our pages on many occasions, that they must have heard with much regret of her death after undergoing a severe operation last week. Miss Rowlands was twenty-one.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios and Lemeilleur and Co.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

His Shirt-Cuff Notebook.

Sir Francis Carruthers Gould, to whom a complimentary banquet is given by members of the National Liberal Club this evening in celebration of his knighthood, might very well have been the subject of one of his recent cartoons. "A bull's-eye, Mr. Haldane!" John Bull is saying to the Secretary for War as he takes a shot at Bisley. Members of both political parties admit that few men score more bull's-eyes with their work than the genial cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*. Had he as many eyes as Argus, and as many hands as Briareus, he could not more happily catch the spirit of the moment than he already does. His notebook, if he keeps one, should be interesting. Pellegrini's was; tragically interesting when discovered. He lay at death's door when a friend called to cheer him. There lay a heap of soiled linen in one corner of the room, and the visitor, thinking to make the apartment more comfortable, was about to remove the lot. The great caricaturist awoke with a start. "Don't do that," he whispered, "don't take away my sketches!" Upon the cuffs of that pile of shirts were his notes.

The Bishops' Modesty.

The Crystal Palace, which the delegates to the Inter-Parliamentary Conference visit to-morrow, has played not a few parts already in international symposia. It is the identical building, none of us forgets, to which representatives of most peoples, nations, and languages flocked when it housed the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. It is to be hoped that there will not be a recurrence of the contretemps which preceded the opening. Copies of the principal classical statues of the world had been set up, and among them an interesting collection representative of the savage races of the earth. The majority of the statues depicted nude figures. The Bishops were to be there, but, knowing what they did, they presented a memorial declaring that they could not possibly attend the ceremony unless the statues were decorously garbed. Accordingly as many of the figures as possible were hastily tailored. Those not put into uniform were put into the shade, and the Bishops attended and blushed not.

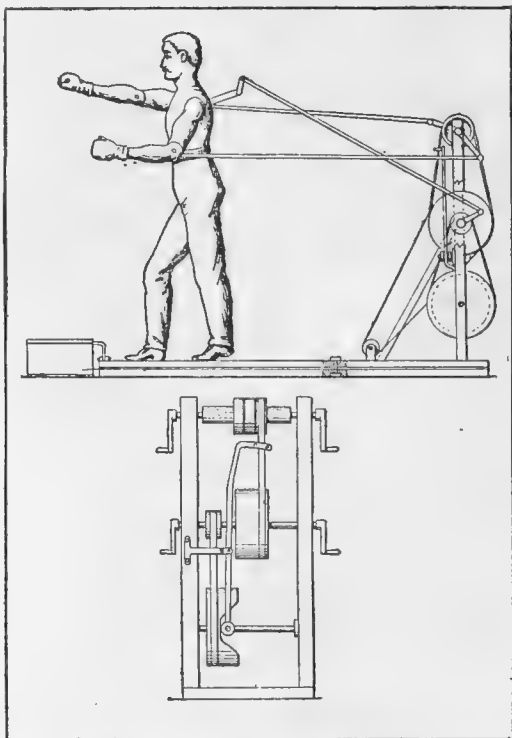
The Saving Grace.

The Prince Consort was in the secret, and enjoyed the little joke to the full. The saving grace of humour was, however, not always at his command. Landseer, visiting him and the Queen at Balmoral, was reeling off stories to the infinite delight of the Queen, when the Prince evinced a wish to retire. The Queen begged for just one more story, and Landseer told one. The story concerned the dog of one of his friends and that friend himself. The latter had wagered that if a five-pound note were hidden, the dog would find it. The note was hidden. "And did the dog find it?" asked the Queen. "Not the note, Ma'am; but he brought back five sovereigns in change," replied the artist. The Queen was delighted with the joke, but it did not quite "hit" the Prince. Just as Landseer was getting into bed the same night, there came to his door a Lord-in-Waiting, sent by the Prince Consort, to say that the Queen had not really believed the story of the dog and the note and the sovereigns in change!

Mars and Mercy.

Under the auspices of the Society of the Good Shepherd, and with the Bishop of Southwark in the chair, Mr. W. F. D. Smith inaugurates a miniature rifle-range this afternoon at the Boys' Hostel, Camberwell.

This is not the only remarkable manifestation of latter-day belief in the efficacy of the Bible in association with dry powder. Our great Christian warrior, Gordon, thought as much of the souls of his soldiers as of their shooting. His solicitude in this matter had issue in a notable monument which he was destined not to see. He called one day to lunch with Tennyson, ascertained from the latter's son that the poet was alone, then glided "spirit-like" into the dining-room, straight up to the bard. "Mr. Tennyson," he said in his solemn way, "I want you to do something for our young soldiers. You alone are the man who can do it. We want training-homes for them all over England." More water passed beneath the bridges before anything could be done. But Tennyson did not forget. The Gordon Homes for Boys, initiated by the Poet Laureate and founded by the King, were the direct outcome of that strange little interview between the soldier and the singer.



A MECHANICAL "PUG": AN AUTOMATIC PRIZE-FIGHTER THAT WILL KNOCK YOU OUT (SHOWN IN SECTION AND FROM THE OUTSIDE).

The would-be prize-fighter need no longer employ a professional pugilist to teach him "the noble art." He has but to substitute for the modern follower of Cashel Byron's profession the boxing-machine invented by Mr. Charles Lindsey, of New Britain, Connecticut. This is thus described in the *Scientific American*:—"This machine is really a formidable fighter, and has already gained quite an enviable reputation in the many encounters it has had with local talent. . . . The machine does not 'telegraph'—that is, it does not give a warning of a coming blow by a preliminary backward jerk, which is so common to all but the best of boxers. Nor can the opponent escape these blows by side-stepping, because the automaton will follow him from one side to the other."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

The Bones of the Dead.

The bones of Zola might be safer where they lie than in the Panthéon, to which, in a renaissance of affection, the novelist's countrymen are about to remove them. Every visitor to the Panthéon ought to know that that little thrill which he experiences when he first stands before the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau is a quite unnecessary thrill—that the bodies of the great dead are not there; that no man can say where they are, any more than he can say where lie the dust of the Conqueror or of the last of our Saxon Kings. Splendour of sepulture is not any guarantee of safe sanctuary. President Lincoln's body has been moved six times; that of Columbus has made as many posthumous travels as the discoverer of America made when in the flesh.

Freezing to the Last. Nineteen years before he died Byron gave expression to his desires as to his epitaph in the well-remembered lines—

My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay.

He had his wish; nothing could be more simple than the inscription upon his grave at Hucknall Torkard, albeit dignity was added to the tomb by the marble slab which the King of Greece caused to be erected there a score of years ago. The man whose burial best accorded with his life was "Monk" Lewis, whom Hazlitt declared to have been the greatest master of the art of freezing the blood in England. Even his own imagination could not have depicted anything more weird and uncanny than his own departure to the shades. He died on shipboard, and the body was placed in a wooden shell, wrapped about with a sheet, and lowered into the sea. As the funereal craft touched the water, wind filled the folds of the shroud and elevated them into the form of a sail. And over the summer sea the barque of death went sailing, a strange sight and terrible, watched from the deck until it disappeared below the horizon.

OUR WONDER-

FUL WORLD!



**RATS! AN OFFICER WHO HAS PLAYED THE
PIED PIPER AIDED BY TAME RATS.**

Count Stagart, officer and actor, recently announced that he would play the part of the Pied Piper, and that he would be followed by no fewer than a thousand tame rats. Surely on extraordinary achievement.



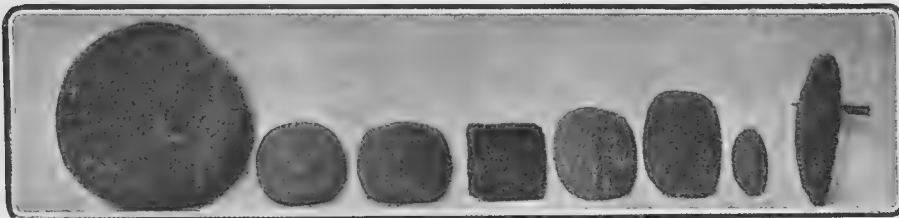
**NURSES WHOSE DRESS IS COLOURED ACCORD-
ING TO THE SEX OF THEIR CHARGES.**

The Russian nurse whose photograph we give is wearing the national outdoor dress. If her charge be a boy, this dress is blue; if it be a girl, pink. In the case of twins two nurses are employed.



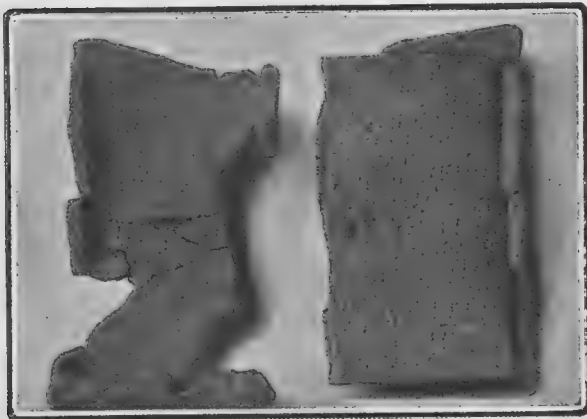
**AN ENGLISH GIRL "LOVED BY THE GERMAN
ARMY": MISS GERALDINE FARRAR.**

Miss Farrar is, it is said, the most popular English actress in Germany, and is a great favourite with officers in the German army. It is claimed that since Christmas of 1904 she has received proposals from 17 lieutenants, 23 captains, and 8 majors.



Schoolboy exercise tablet. Spherical tablet. Corners begin to appear. The tablet has become square. Less oval. An oval tablet. Tag of clay. Plano-convex tablet.

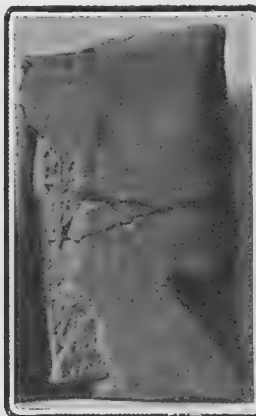
THE EXERCISE-BOOK OF 5000 YEARS AGO, AND OTHER WRITING-TABLETS.



**A 5000-YEAR-OLD LOVE-LETTER: A BABYLONIAN "CASE
TABLET," OR CLAY LETTER.**

The original shape of the Babylonian tablet was round, and in size it resembled a small orange. As writing became more common, the tablet lost its spherical shape, and the inscription was confined to its flattened sides. Our illustration of the "case tablet" shows the letter with its envelope broken and half removed; that of the letter and envelope of clay shows the letter beneath the broken portion of the envelope.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



**A BABYLONIAN LETTER
AND ITS ENVELOPE.**



**A KING WHO WEARS A STATEMENT OF HIS
POSITION ROUND HIS NECK.**

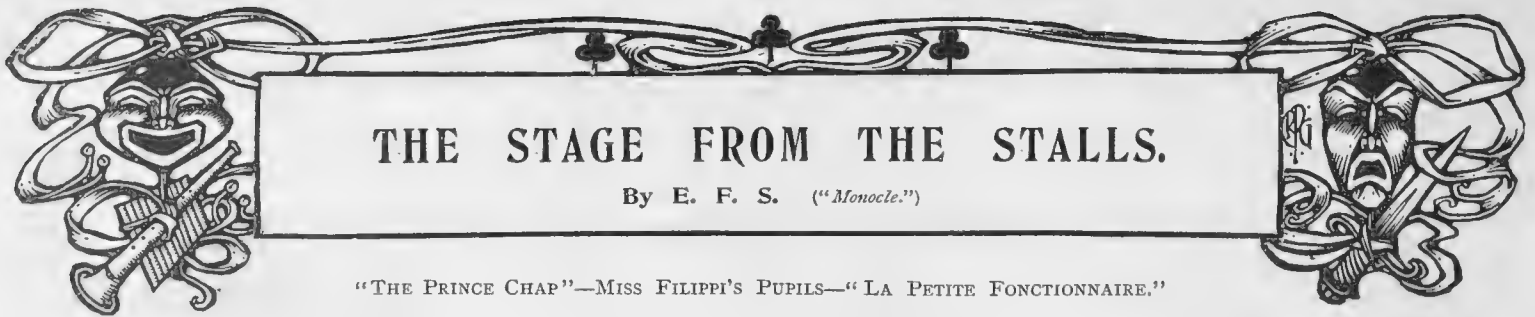
King Sandyman is here shown wearing the brass badge, singularly like that donned by many blind beggars in this country, stating that he, Sandyman, and his wife, Biddy, are King and Queen of Ashby.



**A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF TAMENESS IN WILD ANIMALS;
FEEDING SEA-LIONS AT AVALON BAY.**



**THE NEW SOUTH WALES ABORIGINAL'S IDEA OF A MONUMENT.
Stones are placed over the body in order to prevent the return of the spirit to earth.**



By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE PRINCE CHAP"—MISS FILIPPI'S PUPILS—"LA PETITE FONCTIONNAIRE."

MR. E. W. PEPLE'S play, "The Prince Chap," is an unusually early specimen of autumn holiday production, of the pieces which seem modestly to choose the time when competition in the theatres is not severe. Such modesty deserves some reward, and, assuming that the play can run till the invasion of the country cousin begins, it may very well earn money, if not exactly fame. Perhaps the author is one of those who prefer farthings to fame. Certainly it would be difficult to believe that even success in America caused him to think that "The Prince Chap" could be regarded as a valuable contribution to dramatic literature. There is no harm in it; so much can be asserted confidently. Perhaps in causing the character which must be regarded as that of the heroine to be represented at three stages of life, so far apart that a different actress has to play the part in each act, he has won a record and is proud of the achievement. This sort of thing, however, is by no means good in itself; the audience is required to admit a needless new convention by pretending to believe that Miss Betty Green would have developed into Miss Geraldine Wilson, and that the latter might grow up so as to appear like Miss Janet Alexander. We need no new conventions of this kind. Journalists have been busy in tracing the origin of the play. The sentiment has been alleged to be Dickens overdone; the studio scenes with the jolly artists caused references to "Trilby," to say nothing of Henri Mürger; some have detected a flavour of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the story of "Mice and Men" is not quite out of the question—if one assumes, incorrectly, that Mrs. Lucette Riley has any copyright in the idea of the guardian who falls in love with his ward. Perhaps the best-known modern prototype of the "slavey" presented by Miss Hilda Trevelyan in "The Prince Chap" is to be found in "Our Boys," and associated with the name of Miss Cicely Richards, although Miss Trevelyan's own work in "The Chinese Honey-moon" might be taken into account.

None of these things can be regarded as having the slightest importance. One likes to see Miss Trevelyan more worthily employed, since she happens to be a fine actress, able to get well below the surface of any part that is not superficial. Still, she played the character of Phœbe Puckers as if she loved it, which I cannot think was the case, and her vivid, brisk acting delighted the house. There was plenty of laughter during her scenes. The sentimental passages certainly pleased some of the house. Mr. H. R. Roberts, whose former work I do not recall, acted agreeably as the

Shelton was amusing as his man-servant, and Mr. Sam Sothern played the part of Earl in his customary manner with his usual success, and all the actresses who represented Claudia, the ward, acted pleasingly.

The pupils of that delightful actress Miss Rosina Filippi have been giving three matinées at various theatres to sum up the work of a term, and prove the value of her instruction and guidance. At two of them they played parts of "The Cabinet Minister" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." At the Aldwych Theatre they gave three little sketches of street life as seen and noted down by Miss Filippi herself for them to test their powers upon. Distinct promise was shown by Miss Cora Lanner as a young Italian widow who converts a British gaol-bird into an Italian organ-grinder; and Miss Emily Luck played an old-woman part cleverly in a dialogue between two old inmates of a workhouse. The small parts were taken by gentlemen who are not pupils, and Mr. Emile d'Oisly and Mr. Campbell Cargill were quite successful as the gaol-bird and broken-down pauper respectively. It is clear that Miss Filippi's school is doing good work, and such matinées as these before kindly and appreciative audiences must be invaluable to the youthful player in search of practical experience.

Among the successes of Mr. Gaston Mayer's venture at the New Royalty must be reckoned the introduction of Mlle. Thomassin and M. Galipaux, whose acting in "La Petite Fonctionnaire" has given great pleasure. The piece, by the way, is a specimen of M. Capus's work unlike most of

that audacious dramatist's plays: within limits, it possesses quite a moral flavour, and actually winds up with a love marriage between the Vicomte, whose style hardly suggests that of the *ancien régime*, and the shrewd, charming postmistress of the little town, round whom come buzzing all the beaux of the place, whether married or single. It suggests, too, with perhaps rather embarrassing candour, a new way of life for the dowryless girl, who, however charming, has little chance of finding a husband in France, where there is a tradition that a poor girl is more likely than a rich one to be an extravagant wife. Mlle. Thomassin, who happens to remind us in method of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, one of our cleverest actresses, has a delightful light touch and no little subtlety in showing shades of feeling: her little scene in which she discovers and discloses her love for the Vicomte is admirably rendered. One could wish M. Galipaux were a little more restrained in his humour as the Vicomte; but he is undeniably funny. Madame Dorlia is always amusing, and Mlle. Maia played capitally as a roguish little girl in the post-office.



ENGAGED TO PLAY "LEADS" WITH MR. TREE ON TOUR: MISS NORA LANCASTER.

Miss Lancaster is to play such parts as Ethel in "Colonel Newcome," and Isidore Izard's daughter in "Business is Business."

Photograph by Guttenberg.



THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE COURT THEATRE:

MR. E. TAYLOR PLATT.

Photograph by Gabell.

sculptor who adopted a little girl, then lost his sweetheart because she suspected that he really was father of the child, and in the end was consoled by finding a wife in his ward. Of course Mr. George



"THE PRINCE CHAP," AT THE CRITERION: MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHO IS PLAYING PHOEBE PUCKERS.

Photograph by Hutchinson and Svendsen.

SAYING "HOW D'YE DO" TO A ONE-EYED GIANT.



M. DUJARDIN-BEAUMETZ, FRENCH UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FINE ARTS, GREETING
POLYPHEMUS (M. SILVAIN) IN "CYCLOPE."

"Cyclope" was produced by the Archæological and Dramatic Committee of Champlicu at the Gallo-Roman Theatre at Champlicu.

Photograph by Bouët.

LOBSTER CAUSES DAY-MARE.



VOICE FROM ABOVE (to Tommy, who has been sent into the fishmonger's cellar to fetch a lobster): Now, then, what's all that row about? Has one of 'em eaten yer?

TOMMY: Not yet!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

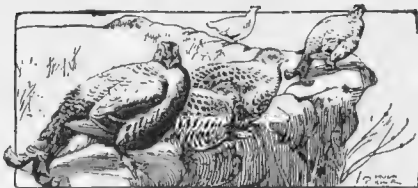
WHY NOT A "TRIANGLE CAMP" ON THE TERRACE?



A PICTORIAL HINT TO LAND GRABBERS—FROM MANCHESTER OR PLAISTOW.

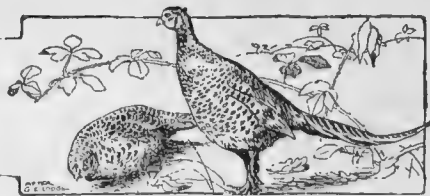
The grabbing of land by out-of-works is evidently a pastime that is destined to become popular. We would remind the unemployed that there are still several eligible sites for triangle camps in London. Why not "seize" the Terrace of the House of Commons, and so strike at the root of society?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Ground Game, and a Bill.*

The passage through Parliament of the Ground Game Bill, designed to extend to Highland estate farmers the much-needed privilege of trapping and snaring ground game all the year round, will hardly meet with any opposition from either House of Legislature. Generous and kindly land-owners would not think of doing anything to obstruct a measure granting to sheep-farmers a privilege that should never have been withheld from them. It may be remembered that the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture passed resolutions some few years ago in favour of an extension of Sir William Harcourt's Act of 1880, the Act that was expected by many to make the hare almost as rare as the dodo. I suppose it would surprise some few of our hereditary and other legislators to learn that the Ground Game Act is a dead letter in many parts of Scotland where the landowners are greedy men. Farms in Scotland are let, for the most part, on nineteen-year leases, and, as far as the law is concerned, the farmer may take as much ground game as he likes; but he knows well enough that if he were to do so his lease would not be renewed, though no reason would be given for his dismissal. He would not be told that he was being turned out because he took advantage of an Act framed to protect him against the ravages of ground game; at most the factor would do no more than say that he had another tenant, and if the farmer suggested that he had been turned out for trapping rabbits, his statement would meet with a denial more or less indignant. But I know of several farms in Scotland where the farmer is not at liberty to kill his ground game, and if they threaten his young crops with destruction he must do what he can to protect the fields with wire-netting. Should he shoot or trap, his lease will not be renewed: the hint has been given and he has taken it.

Game-Bag v. Farmer.

It would be easy to understand how such conditions as prevail in Scotland came about if the farms were within easy reach of the landlord's place and he happened to be a resident; but in these days when the value of Scottish shooting has risen to a point that has made wealthy men of many who could scarcely keep up any position at all a few years ago, the landlord is often an absentee, and comes down to his place for no more than a few days' shooting in the season. Then he is anxious to give his guests the sort of day that calls for asbestos gloves and leaves aching shoulders behind. The bag is the first consideration, and for this bag the farmer is deliberately sacrificed. Of course it is easy to say, if the farmer does not wish to put up with it he can go elsewhere; but practical men who have lived on the land know that

when a farmer has spent long years on the farm, and knows all its peculiarities, and has developed certain improvements, and sees that he can earn a living, he is in no way anxious to seek pastures new. The average Scottish farmer is far too busy to be a sportsman; he does not wish to shoot for shooting's sake. He would be quite content to trap the superfluous rabbits or to pay somebody else to trap them.

Spurious Sports.

If legislators make law of the Spurious Sports Bill the gun clubs need not suffer much, for the shooting-schools have shown excellent sport of late. They

are beginning to use a new device by which an artificial pigeon is sprung from a dummy pigeon-box and flies to a wire-fence boundary some thirty yards away. The new pigeon carries a leaden disc with a red tassel, and if it be fairly broken by the shot, tassel and disc fall to the ground together. A bad shot that would be calculated to do no more than wound a living bird will not smash the clay and so release the tassel; consequently it counts as a miss. To add to the interest of this development, the bird can be sent from the traps at a pace unknown to the ordinary blue rock, and the man who can drop two tassels in three shots may reckon himself quite safe to account for a large proportion of the birds he is likely to encounter during the season. Even while we are waiting for the Spurious Sports Bill it is well that the new device should flourish, because whether it be legal or illegal to cripple a large number of pigeons in the course of an afternoon, it is neither a grateful nor a comforting task. There are few more unpleasant sights than those to be met in the neighbourhood of a place where trapped pigeons are shot. The Casino Gardens at Monte Carlo used to be, and, I dare say, still are, the

unhappy resting-ground of wounded birds whenever a big event is decided on the shooting plateau.

The Hooligan Rabbit-Hunter.

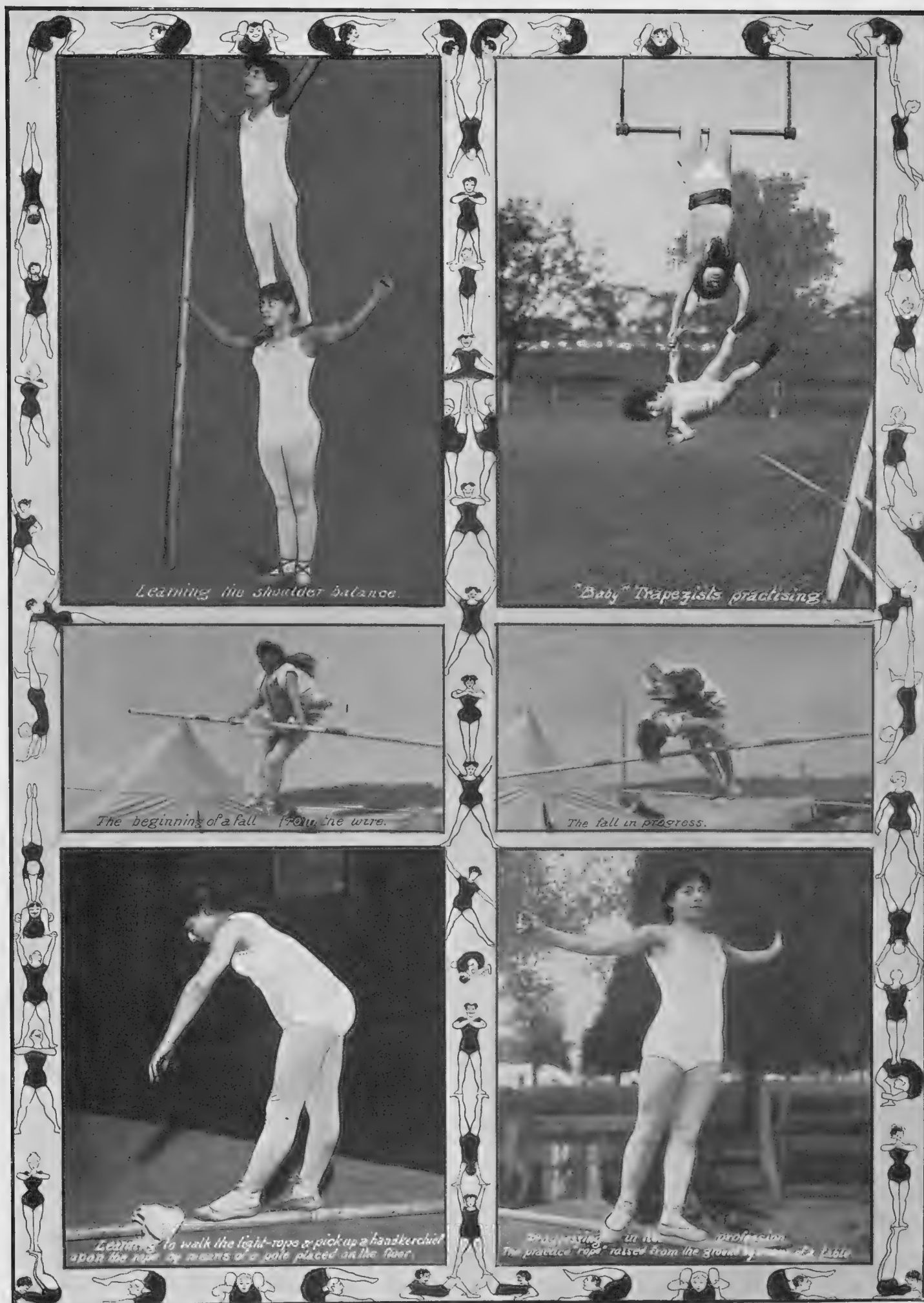
If the Hooligans who hunt trapped rabbits could only be provided with some mechanical substitute that would outpace their dogs the suburban Sunday and Saturday afternoon would lose one of their horrors; but it is to be feared that our Hooligan, like his brother of the Plaza de Toros, is not completely happy unless he is quite sure that pain is being freely inflicted on his account. I suppose it would be rather hard to train a dog to chase a toy of any description; and, after all, if we are to have a Spurious Sports Bill the rabbits will go safe. It is possible to hold a cock-fight in a barn away from the eyes of authority; but rabbit-coursing demands an open space, a loud-mouthed crowd, eager dogs, and beer—above all things, beer.



GARDENS ON THE FRONT OF A HOUSE: THE FLOWER-COVERED BALCONIES IN THE RUE DU TEMPLE THAT GAINED FIRST PRIZE IN THE PARIS COMPETITION FOR SUCH TYPES OF GARDENS

Photograph by Boyer.

THE GYMNAST GRUB AT WORK.



CHILD ACROBATS LEARNING THE RUDIMENTS OF THEIR PROFESSION.

Photographs by Byron, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH is best known in this country as the husband of his wife. But he is also a statesman, and some while ago he began an agitation for providing American representatives abroad with larger means. On this subject he has published an article in the *New York Independent* which is certainly worth reading. He begins by telling the story of an Ambassador's widow. In the suburbs of the city of Cincinnati is a miniature farm. This farm is owned by a woman who depends on it for a livelihood, for although she has a so-called pension from the Government, it is a mere pittance on which she could not possibly exist if it were not for the patch of land she calls her own. This lady is obliged to raise mushrooms for a living, yet until a few years ago she was one of the most prominent women in American official life—the wife of a former Minister to France. When General Noyes was appointed to this office in 1877 he had a fortune of £30,000. When he died, his widow was left practically penniless. Every dollar of his fortune in addition to his salary had been required during his residence abroad to meet the expense necessary to live in a manner befitting the dignity of his position. An American Ambassador to Great Britain is paid £3500, and it costs him actually £9000 for a home. The Ambassador to Vienna has been fortunate in renting a house at an annual payment which is just equal to his yearly salary, £2400.

The result is that only very rich men can satisfactorily hold their place. There is an honourable tradition in America that eminent literary men should be appointed Ambassadors. This bids fair to end. Lowell, who was a man of very moderate means, contrived to maintain the dignity of his country in London, but it is not likely that he will have a successor. The days are past when officials can afford to live below the rank of the nation for which they stand. An Ambassador cannot receive official visits in a three-roomed flat, nor can the hostess entertain her guests in the diplomatic circle on bread-and-milk without bringing the American people into contempt and ridicule. Mr. Longworth tells a story in this connection. An American Minister in a European capital established the Legation in a suite of rooms so small that visitors were unpleasantly greeted with the odour of cooking. To complete the impression they may have gained from the meanness of the surroundings, the "host" had a habit of receiving everyone, from Ambassador to Envoy, in his shirt-sleeves. At the end of the visit he would hand the guest his card with this remark, "Consider your call returned." Mr. Longworth thinks that it is actual business economy for the United States to buy sites in such cities as London and Paris for official

residences. In these, as well as in other large communities in Europe, property is steadily appreciating in value, and more than the rent would be saved.

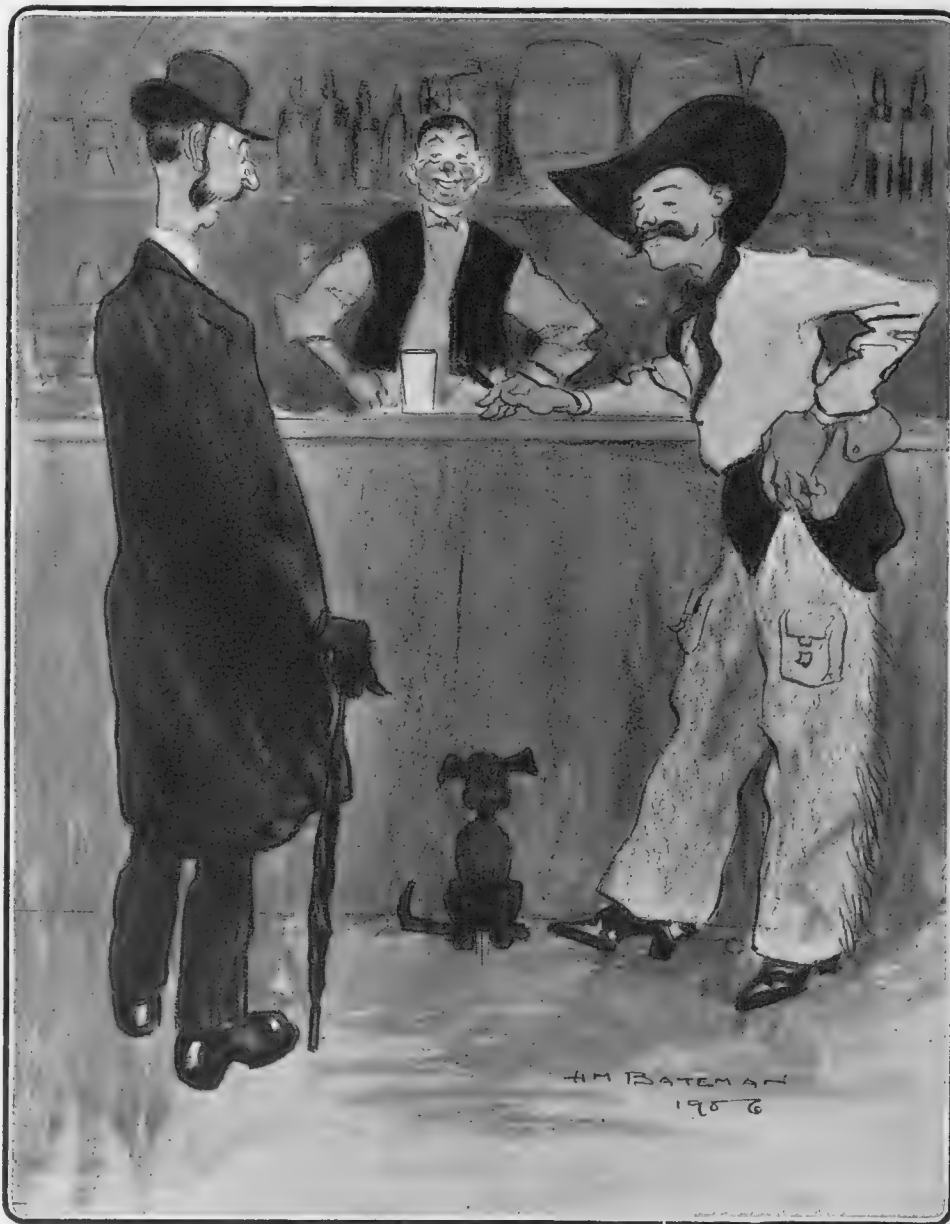
The meeting of the Associated Booksellers at Oxford was notable for the welcome extended by the University. The University is itself a great publishing agency. No Press is more famous than the Oxford University Press, and the sale of books, especially Bibles and Prayer Books, is prodigious. The Vice-Chancellor said that as booksellers they were at one with those present; they were as sensitive to competition as their guests, and took their risks, and

therefore they must understand, in welcoming them, that they were welcoming those who could completely sympathise with all the difficulties of a great and important business. The Dean of Christ Church humorously said that the time of Christmas presents was coming round, and they would be very glad if the Associated Booksellers would get people to buy volumes which would not pay their expenses. He suggested as Christmas presents a beautiful concordance to the Septuagint, the New Testament in Coptic, and a volume of Chinese Love Songs printed in Chinese. The Dean claimed for Lewis Carroll, who was a Christ Church man, that he had contributed a completely new word to Dr. Murray's great dictionary. That word was "chortle." He thought they would feel with him that they could not conceive how the world got on without it.

Professor Cesare Lombroso's fiftieth anniversary as a teacher has just been celebrated in Turin. One feature of the celebration was probably unique. His daughter Paola read a paper describing some of her father's peculiarities in a vivacious manner. Her father, she said, was distressingly absent-minded. At Vienna, after losing his pocket-book and being fortunate enough to

find it again, he distributed his bank-notes in the various compartments of his portmanteau and in all the pockets of his different coats, thinking that thus he would not be able to lose them all at once. But this expedient did not prevent five hundred francs from disappearing. He buys all the papers that are offered to him on the street, and gives alms to every beggar that he meets. He has a rich collection of arms and of relics of famous criminals. When he finds a prisoner in the gaols covered with tattooing or suffering from attacks of epilepsy, he goes home with a countenance expressive of the greatest scientific satisfaction. His love for the poor is very marked, and his house is always full of importunate pensioners, some of whom have little genuine distress to offer as a claim upon his sympathy.

O. O.



THEN THE INNOCENT DIED!

BRONCHO BILL: No, Sir. He ain't much ter look at, but that dawg's the most marvellous tracker in the world. He's traced twenty bank-robbers, ten horse-thieves, and thirty road-agents.

THE INNOCENT: And to what, my friend, do you attribute this wonderful ability?

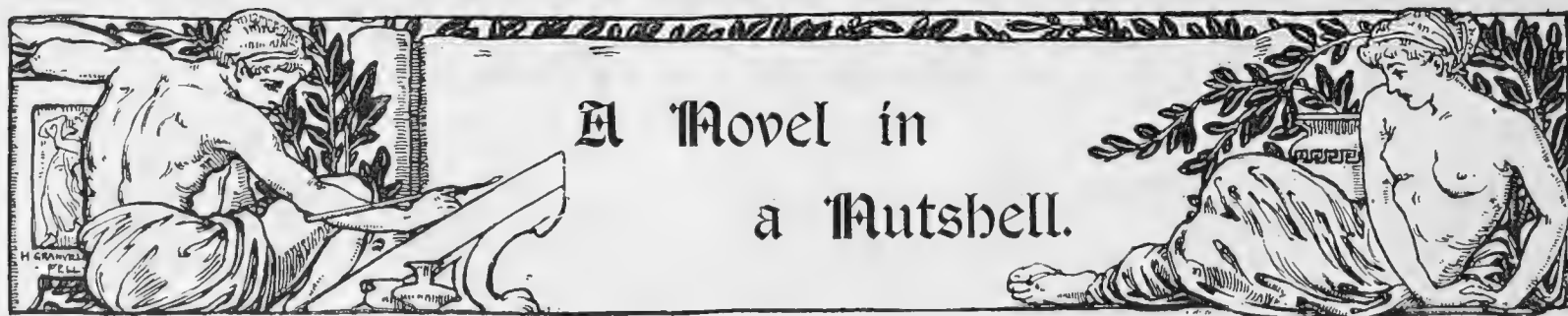
BRONCHO BILL: Wal, you see, Sir, when he wor a pup, he used ter swaller tracing-paper reg'lar—so yer see—

FAILING THAT, WHY NOT THE REGISTRAR'S?



THE FAIR EXHIBITOR (*before entering the dog show*): I'm sorry I haven't got his pedigree, Colonel, but I'm sending to Somerset House' for it.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE TORMENT.

BY CLIVE R. FENN.

HE (the man who had come back from that vanished summer) was standing on the platform of the Central Station at Waterloo, and seemed to be in doubt as to what particular course he had better pursue, and Marchmont, who was leaving by an early train, was attracted by him. Some faint old recollection seemed to be evoked by the sight of that handsome, bronzed, middle-aged man who wore a military moustache and had the look of an aristocrat who has travelled through all the world.

Who was he? He did not know him, that was a certainty, and yet there was something in his appearance which touched a familiar chord. He wanted to go up and ask him his name. But to do that to a stranger! And then, as he looked, the man whose appearance had roused his curiosity seemed to be seized with a sudden faintness. Marchmont went swiftly towards him.

"Mind your back, Sir," said a porter, who was energetically pushing along a trolley-load of luggage.

The stranger started and nearly fell forward. When Marchmont reached him, however, he had recovered himself, but the action and the sympathetic thought of Marchmont were unmistakable, and he turned and said courteously—

"Thank you indeed, Sir. But I am quite all right now."

The words were said in a foreign way, with an accent that was something more than foreign, sounding strangely like a forgotten echo on that brilliant morning, with the sunshine coming through the roof, people hailing cabs, racegoers entering special trains, and with the air full of cries and shouts. The stranger said—

"They have altered this place a good deal since I was last here."

"Yes. Is that long ago?" and the speaker eyed this Rip Van Winkle who seemed so moved.

"It is twenty years since then—time enough for a station to have changed—time for everything to have changed."

Marchmont stared at the speaker in blank astonishment. It was, to tell the truth, a thought unusual to meet like that promiscuously, at a great railway station, a man who calmly tells you that he has been away for two decades. It was, however, easy to believe the story. He was a foreigner in look, in costume, in speech. And Marchmont found himself drifting into a chat—a chat which was a prelude to a friendship.

And afterwards he heard, little by little, the whole sad story, which sounded odd and out of the world when told at an hotel after years, a story of how Paul Croy had gone away twenty years before in order to escape mortification, sadness (though how can they be evaded?) and to make the fortune that he lacked.

Croy found himself at Waterloo Station that morning with the sensation of having been away only a month, or at most two. The madness of the past was not far away. He wondered if he was remembered. Tears came to the eyes. What of that old summer-time of dreams?

But it was a memory of tears. To that man who had returned it was odd to look back—odd because it brought him to the verge of the world. There was that marvellous summer in the old days, the thoughts which were engendered then, the early mornings of infinite brilliance, even the buzz of a fly—all was remembered. Was that simply because he had gone away, or was it for another reason as well? What had become of her? That was the great question—and yet, after all these years, did it signify? The great world went on. Ah, those bitter days when poverty was at the door!

It was a medium poverty, which did not signify when only the world of imagination was in question, but which was felt severely by any contact with the world.

What dreams were centred in those old, old times, waking up early, wondering whether success would come that day—a success that would bring in a little more reality, that would render a visit abroad a feasible thing, and that would enable the ideas which rushed in of a night, during a chat with a friend, to be carried out, that would open the door of the world! And yet such things—the old remembrances of chance journeys, of the sea, of a country café in a remote province, of people looking out of the doors of inns in far-away towns, all these things were unimportant, minuscule, compared with the thought of her!

How strange that was, that glance back at a scene—a railway station one spring; she was standing up in the carriage, a patricienne. How charming she looked that day! But then she was always charming. And it was twenty years since he had gone away, leaving all—London, friends—though the poor man has very few—mad, disappointed, with only one or two quaint, eye-straining memories to carry him through all. And there were interiors that he would never—so it seemed then—see again, interiors with old trophies of travel, knives, and swords on the walls, and pictures, one of a calm, confident young girl looking over a terrace in the blue country, smiling at the world.

There were only those memories to take away: a man who dropped into his seat in a long-distance train, who left a great terminus *en route* to a port of embarkation, who went to Paris, Lisbon, and then on to Rio, to the glamourous far-away South—*voilà tout!* He was speedily forgotten by all, by those whom he had met in the busy Strand, in dignified Pall Mall, or in a rural land. It was not easy to go away, even though it were to save pride, to avoid that last period of paralysing, chaotic misery which crushes all, which causes the individual to stop in the street, to wish to have done with it all.

There was one evening after dinner at that house when she had suggested his writing a comedietta for her young sisters to act; her brother nodded approvingly. She was sitting back in a big chair near the fire, for it was early spring. She said, "Yes, do." To think that it should all have come to nothing, that curious saddening, old romance, with its Sundays of brilliancy, the river crowded, the radiant lawns of waterside villas, the glamour of the festive summer season around! But that night, after twenty years, still looked so near, her fair face in the coloured light of the lamps; there was that in her individuality which invincibly attracted. Why should all that vision have faded and given place to some of the greatest bitterness which could be forced into a life? There was that seaside place reached late one night; there were lights in the streets, and from the high road which led down to the front could be seen the sea, with faint lights far out and the reflections of the lamps on the pier. There was the walk back at night past a canal—in June night-times of fantastic visions of dreams.

For the world-panorama contained so much that was strange and eye-straining—the going and coming, the political outlook, the secrets of great mediæval cities, the summer views, the hum of Fleet Street, the dignity of life.

It was one evening at the club, long after, that he saw an announcement that Mrs. D'Arcy had left Park Lane for Vere

[Continued overleaf.]

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES

(A CONTINUATION OF OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.)



II.—DECOYING OSTRICHES IN REGENT'S PARK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Towers, Devonshire, the seat left her by her husband. He was sure in a moment that it was she. Violet Featherstone had married D'Arcy; he was a fine fellow. That must be the case. So his return that morning from those far-away lands, that arrival at Waterloo after years and years of absence, the entering the bar for a cup of coffee—all that was not in vain.

He wanted to talk about it to a friend, but at that moment at the club there was no one to whom he could speak. The inrush of sensations was so extreme. What was to be said? To-morrow he could see her. There was that storm of possible "Don't you remember?" But though he had lived isolated for those twenty years, though he had ever harped on the old days, yet with others it would be different.

If he did see her, what then? Perhaps she would not even remember him. It was only he who had seen everything in the past—who had yearned for the old days, for their return, who had seen them in connection with Paris, Versailles, and the Bois, and the garden with its rhododendrons, its azaleas, and wide-stretching lawn. Nobody else would or could look at the matter in the same light. It was because he had expatriated himself, and left the London *pavé*, with its odd sights, had placed thousands of miles between himself and that country-side—a country-side which was associated with a thousand dreams, with the sound of a piano and an old marching tune, and with a scene lit up by the moon, a picture of river and park and woodland, one of those quaint panoramas, cinematographic in intensity, a glimpse odd and fantastic to one who has returned.

Twenty years! And there had been life and bustle in Paris, in London, and all through the great world! People had been arriving, seeing new things, realising the truth, untroubled, perhaps, by that shadow of poverty which it had taken all his time to overcome, and which he had now conquered but too late. Everything was recalled again in that past, the vis-à-vis in the train, the man who had long moustaches *à la Russe*, who represented in himself a sort of cosmopolitan power of thought, and who was always grave, interesting, and philosophic, not only at night in a salon with a sparkling decoration on his coat, but if he were roused early in the morning at his chambers in the Rue de Rivoli. There was that famous reception in a long-past June, where he had seen her brilliantly dressed; there was the scent of flowers, the *frisson* of summer music, of gaiety. Soon after that he went away, going out madly, curiously, wildly, into the great world; it was an action taken as distractedly as the action of one who waits not for his call into yonder room; there were moments of torpor on the long, long journey out, when temporarily the pain was dulled, those strange aftermaths of crises when by a merciful dispensation all the possible horrors are forgotten or left unrealised. It was well, no doubt, that he had gone. If he were never to see her again—except, maybe, as a distant friend—of what use was life? There was always at the elbow that hideous suggestion of the impossibility of things. How often, however, out there in far Brazil had the old picture returned? If he had but been rich! Then all might have been well. But wealth does not come at command. It was ridiculous, it was pitiful, that poverty, a poverty which compelled meanness, comparative shabbiness, which absolutely prevented his winning in the race. No doubt, it was an amusement to others—those who were on the quarterdeck, who liked to look only at the gay aspect of things. And that realisation of the fact that ere success could come there would be years in the dreary *salle d'attente* prevented the smaller things of life being of interest any more.

There was the talk at the club, the chance remark that two next heirs to a title had gone to the next world on a motor-car, leaving the way clear for someone else to put on the belt and become an Earl, while in addition there were all those things which nobody thought about—the impression of a brilliant summer morning and of a crowded street, the impressiveness of the details of the life there, the going and coming of that country-side, the statues in moonlit gardens.

But of these things was the great world made up! It was extraordinary. But the thought of certain things caused one to stand still in sheer amazement, for in that under-view of the world decidedly there was the all—the bustling scene at a terminus, the thought of Guise and of mediæval France, of old-time cities curious in outline.

The crisis was there, then, but there were seas between. These things were vivid; they appealed like some strange enmeshment of an elusive dream, like music heard at night-time no one knows whence, or like the vista of a terrace one early morning period when sleep still holds the world.

There was no longer the possibility of taking infinite pleasure in the notion of a visit to the opera, of a ride in a railway train, of the idea that the morning might bring great tidings, or in the pleasures of a run to Paris. All that was repugnant now, as were the old haunts. The only thing was to achieve. It was not till long, long afterwards that the appreciation of some of the old things returned, that it was pleasant to glance back over the shoulder at London, at its brilliancy and glow. Of course if that time could have been understood, if he had forgotten her, all might have been well; the changing seasons would have passed more easily; the other things could have been looked at in peace—Brighton and the scene when

the visitor reaches the bottom of West Street, the Continent, the garden, the theatre, the few days passed at white Chantilly, the remembrance of a day in May, of a wonderful shimmering Easter, of a Sunday in a forest land, of those other times when a quaint idea of life came, of absent friends who, like a famous duke, were engaged in solitary travel, and who would not be seen walking in at the door for another year at least, or of the sitting down to hear music in the evening; then there was that town on a fine day in June, its brilliant appearance, its wonderful thought; there was something there that was apart from the ordinary world where there were tragedies, where people shot themselves in hotels. Everything was there in that place where life went on so placidly, where it was always afternoon.

He rose from his chair in the club, and then sat down again. What should be his first step? He touched a bell, and when the waiter came, he said—

"Bring me the time-table."

Why not pick up a thread, if thread there were?

He looked through a list of trains to Devonshire, and found that there was one which left town very early in the morning.

"I will go by that one," he thought.

He did go by it, and arrived at his destination at about lunch-time, and after having something to eat in an old-fashioned hostelry, he hired a dog-cart and drove to the castle.

How odd was that idea of walking into her drawing-room, of paying an afternoon call after all those years!

He dismissed the vehicle and rang the bell, and a man-servant appeared.

"Kindly tell Mrs. D'Arcy that Mr. Paul Croy would much like to see her."

"Yes, Sir. If you will step in, I will tell madam."

Croy was shown into a handsomely furnished boudoir; he admired the pictures and statues, and the garden which could be seen through the partly opened French window; the scented summer breeze softly fluttered the white muslin curtains.

And so many summers had gone!

He saw a lawn and a vista of old-fashioned flowers. It was getting towards evening; he heard the rattle of china from another part of the house. And then there was a step; it would be she. But no, only that calm, grave-looking servant, who came in by the window, saying—

"Madam begs Mr. Croy to see her in the garden."

"Certainly."

He followed the footman through the French window and across a lawn, and then came another lawn. Afterwards there was a turn to the right. Mrs. D'Arcy was standing on a green path, a rose-garden on one side, and a wilderness of tree-ferns on the other. He gave an exclamation. She hardly seemed to have altered; she wore a black hat and a white dress.

"Violet!" he exclaimed; "Mrs. D'Arcy."

She held out her hand.

And so he had met her in a rose-garden after two decades had gone. There was the same hum in the air as of old, the same wonderful brilliancy. But yet how far away it was! A hundred years might have slipped by. The green lawns stretched away to the right; the azaleas and rhododendrons were in full bloom. It seemed like the scented garden of dreams. There was something in the air which spoke of the far-away mountains, of the great forests. How much had happened since he had seen her! All those winters of desolation seen like a twilight panorama—those periods of hopelessness, of grim despair. There was that in the scene which forced attention back into the past, which brought again into focus old things which had been—nights in country places, or in the brilliant thoroughfares of a great capital along which people were passing to go to the opera, to the theatres, or to the lighted gardens.

He remembered that she was standing there one morning in June, in a garden just like that one. Had the time really gone? Was it a reality, all that, with the flight of the years, and people going and returning, and the rush in great cities?

She seemed really impressed, rendered nervous, too, by the strangeness of it. But she had been calm and wise, while for himself there had been times down there when he had wished to have done with it all.

"You have only just returned?" she asked.

"Only a month ago."

"And you are glad to be back again?" she said softly.

"Very glad. Those years seem now to be merely a dream—rather a bad dream, too."

She walked a step or two down the garden-path.

"It has taken me so much by surprise," she exclaimed, "this return of yours. It seems—it seems—unnatural, impossible. It is so long ago; but we did not know why you went away."

"Then—" he began, but she checked him.

"You should have asked counsel of a friend," she said. "You should not have disappeared without a word."

And he found out as they walked together how great had been his mistake; but, unlike some mistakes on which the stars look down, this one did not bear the mark irrevocable in the ledger of the past.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE dramatic exodus continues, and the actors are scattering far and wide in their search for recreation, health, and amusement. Miss Ellen Terry is quietly resting at Small Hythe, though a few days ago she was to be seen driving in London and looking none the worse for the excitement she has been undergoing or the hard work she has been doing. Her sister, Miss Marion Terry, is on a motor-trip which will take her through the New Forest and the Isle of Wight, through Kent, and through portions of the North of England and Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson are at Cookham Dean, while Mr. Frederick Harrison is spending the vacation fishing in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude are at their own country-house at Bexhill, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche (Miss Lily Brayton) are at Tintagel, where they will no doubt study their parts in the new play for the reopening of the Adelphi. Miss Ellaline Terriss is on the Continent, and so is Miss Ethel Matthews. Mr. Seymour Hicks, who is acting every evening, gets something of a change from the heat of London by living a little distance out. Mrs. Brown-Potter is at Staines, a district of which she is particularly fond; for it was in that neighbourhood she built her house beautiful in the days of her greater prosperity.

Among the actors whose holiday is a thing of the past are Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving. Their vacation was curtailed to very small proportions, for it resolved itself into a week at Bamborough, Northumberland, the interval between Mr. Irving's last appearance as Iago and the beginning of the preparations for his provincial tour, to be followed by his season in the United States.

This evening Mr. Bouchier will change his bill at the Garrick, when, by a curious coincidence, he will produce an adaptation of a play by a French author, the scene of which has been transferred into England, and an original play by English writers, the scene of which is laid in France. The former is Anatole France's "Crainquebille," the English version of which Mr. Bouchier has himself made, under the title of "Down Our Alley." The latter is "Monsieur de Paris," by Alicia Ramsey, and Rudolph de Cordova, which would have been produced earlier in the season, but that Miss Violet Vanbrugh's regretted illness prevented her undertaking an onerous emotional part in addition to the burden of the leading character in the long play then running. Both pieces, which deal with a humble class of society, present another striking contrast. While the French dramatist introduces twenty-seven characters—twenty-two men and five women—the English ones use four people—two men and two women. Mr. Charles V. France, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, and Miss Madge Johnstone, who appear with Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "Monsieur de Paris," also act with Mr. Bouchier in "Down Our Alley." Among the other well-known actors are Mr. Charles Goodhart, Mr. George Trollope, Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. Lawson Butt, and Miss Kate Phillips. If there is anything in a name, Master Thomas Lipton should attract attention as "Henry Wilson."

By a slip of the pen, the authorship of "His House in Order" was recently attributed to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones by the senior theatrical paper in England. The fact is interesting, for it demonstrates how comparatively little heed is paid to the authors of plays. By a curious coincidence, this was amusingly demonstrated at the St. James's Theatre at a performance of one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays attended by the present writer. In the seats adjoining his were a lady and a gentleman. After the second act, the gentleman turned to his companion and remarked, "I don't know who wrote this play; do you?" She replied, "No, I don't, either. I suppose it's Pinero, because he generally writes the plays for the St. James's." "Let us look at the programme," suggested the gentleman. He opened it and said, "No, it is not Pinero; it is Jones." "Is it?" she replied. "I never know the difference between them."

A remark of the critic of one of the daily papers on the production of "The Prince Chap" has served to draw the attention of the Green-Room to the slender thread on which public recognition hangs. For some few years Miss Lilius Waldegrave has occupied a not inconspicuous position in Sir Charles Wyndham's company, acting comedy parts as well as understudying Miss Mary Moore and, on occasions, Miss Lena Ashwell and Miss Kate Terry Lewis. She has played, and played with success, the parts of these three actresses, yet by the critic in question she was referred to as "apparently an American."

The sensational success of "The Jungle" on the other side of the Atlantic made its dramatisation a foregone conclusion, and no doubt Mr. Upton Sinclair will make a proportionally great fortune out of it, for everyone will naturally want to go and see the play which has caused the packers to set their house in order.

Mr. Cyril Maude is so universally esteemed that the announcement made last week by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor at the meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company that it had been decided to pay the popular actor £20,000 as compensation for the destruction of the Avenue Theatre has given general satisfaction. As it was stated openly at the meeting that the destruction of the theatre had practically ruined Mr. Maude, the playgoing public is able to form its own estimate of the manly way he took his reverse, and the resolution with which he at once attempted to retrieve himself by accepting an engagement with the Messrs. Shubert at the Waldorf Theatre. Unfortunately, the plays produced were not successful, but with the change brought about by the decision of the railway company, and Mr. Maude's engagement by Mr. Charles Frohman, everyone will hope that fortune will once again smile on him as it did in the old days at the Haymarket. In September he will appear at the Duke of York's as the hero of "Triplepatte," a comedy by Messrs. Tristan Bernard and Godfernaux, which was produced some months ago at the Théâtre Athénée in Paris. In February he hopes to be settled at the rebuilt Playhouse, where building operations are now in full swing.



THE GODDESS DIANA AND HER MODERN IMPERSONATOR, LA MILO AT THE COUNTRY FAIR HELD RECENTLY AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

Ladies will be interested to know that the dress shown in the photograph reproduced is worn without a corset.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

KEY-NOTES

IT is a great pity that Mozart's "Don Giovanni" should have been revived at the end of the most brilliant opera season that we have known for a long time. As a matter of fact, this immortal work filled the house last week, and was received with enormous applause and enthusiasm. The present writer has been no hesitating admirer of Mozart; without wishing to pursue the revival of Mozart in England, anyone with half an eye will have perceived that the popularity of Mozart's great works has grown enormously in recent days. One must congratulate the management upon the skill with which Wagner was faced formally and definitely at the beginning of the season and the gate then left open for the realisation of works which did not partake exactly of the nature of Wagner's singular and individual art.

Once more, on another count, it is necessary to congratulate the management of the Opera. Obviously two schools were in a state of war. The Wagnerians demanded the best possible exposition of the works of their undoubtedly great master. On the other hand, there are many others who, recognising all the achievements of Wagner, longed somewhat for the freshness of Mozart and of his school. Therefore, we were given (to begin with) Gluck's "Armide," a stately expression in art of what was supposed to have been the Greek ideal of art; but in the selection of "Don Giovanni" the management found a perfect combination of that which was old and that which is new. The selection of the finest artists in the London operatic cast of this season was, on the part of the management, almost a stroke of genius. For example, Caruso was chosen for the part of Don Ottavio. Now this is regarded usually as a most ungrateful part, simply because Mozart made the character, so far as music goes, the most difficult of all the parts in the opera. Through this trial Caruso emerged with triumph; his singing of "Dalla sua pace" was a magnificent exposition of the fact that though Mozart might attract you by the beginning of his musical phrases, he can still attract you even more by their development, a fact which, so far as we know, has not before been so completely expounded as it was in the wonderful art of Signor Caruso. A word must be mentioned concerning the conductor, M. André Messager, who completely understood the meaning of Mozart's orchestration, and concerning the part of Zerlina, taken admirably by Mlle. Donalda. Mlle. Destinn and Madame Agnes Nicholls were in their best form, and M. Journet's Leporello was exceedingly good; as also was the part of Mazetto, taken with inimitable humour by M. Gilibert.

Signor Battistini's Don Giovanni was in many respects admirable. He has grace of movement, although he is not exactly gifted with that sort of presence which should command every situation through which the great Don passes. Nevertheless, in the famous

Minuet he was extraordinarily fine, his understanding of Mozart's exact meaning being here quite without reproach.

At the Birmingham Festival, to be held in October, one of the principal novelties will be a setting of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Bells," composed for chorus and grand orchestra by Mr. Josef Holbrooke. The energy of Mr. Holbrooke may be gauged by the fact that, though he has not yet accomplished his thirtieth year, this work is numbered Op. 50. It is dedicated "To my friend Sir Edward Elgar." This, as one takes it, is a compliment to the greatest English musician of our time, who has shown his interest obviously in the real talent which he discovers in modern English music—not necessarily the talent of the school, although Mr. Holbrooke has himself passed under scholastic tuition, but simply for the sake of originality.

Other musicians of a tenth part of Mr. Holbrooke's talent like to think themselves thirty years of age. The work which lies before

the present writer is certainly an extraordinary contribution to modern music. There is no audacity within the limits of art, there is no dramatic form of expression, again within the limits of art, which we do not find in this score, which has been set down deliberately by Mr. Holbrooke in order to show that his own temperament is individual to himself, that he will not be bound down by common-place rule, but yet that he will attempt to succeed throughout



NOT THEIR MASTER'S VOICE! NATIVES OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA LISTENING TO THE GRAMOPHONE.

by his own musical knowledge and appreciation of that which is right in art where the other great men have been before him. Farther than this we cannot go at present, for as the work stands to be produced at the Birmingham Festival, we shall have to hear it in full orchestral form. Of its ultimate success we have no doubt whatever. Mr. Holbrooke himself will not conduct, but the work will be in the more than capable hands of Dr. Hans Richter, who at the present moment laughingly says that he will require twenty rehearsals before it is possible to give the work satisfactorily.

A morning concert in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund was given at the Æolian Hall last week, and many artists of repute lent their assistance. Miss Grace Thynne played the violin, Mr. S. Liddle was at the organ, Miss Wanda Radford gave recitations, and Miss de Vere Hunt and Mr. S. Liddle were at the pianoforte. Miss Thynne and Miss Hunt played with much spirit and vivacity a Suite for Violin and Pianoforte by Edward Schütt. Mr. Hamilton Earle sang the famous prologue to "I Pagliacci" with great feeling of romance, and with that particular breadth of voice which, used at its best, is always attractive. Mr. Watkin Mills sang Mr. Edward German's delightful "Glorious Devon" with much spirit, and with that fine quality of voice with which one has so long associated him. Mr. German excels in this particular kind of song, and Mr. Watkin Mills gave to that excellence just the right emotion.

COMMON CHORD.



THE HANDCROSS FATALITY—A PANICKY PRESS—THE HILL SUCCESSES OF THE DAIMLERS—SAFEGUARDING FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY: THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S BIG JOB—POLICE-TRAPS AND PERSECUTION—THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE FRENCH SHOW—THE VALUE OF THE DETACHABLE RIMS.

ANYTHING more lamentable than the hysterical panic into which the most regrettable Handcross motor-'bus accident has thrown certain of our leading dailies has seldom been experienced in the history of the English Press. Writers patently ignorant of the merest technique of the subject were turned on to discuss the unhappy accident from all points of view, and grotesque indeed were the theories they evolved to account for the catastrophe.



HOT WORK IN SUMMER WEATHER: THE OLD METHOD OF DETACHING THE TYRE FROM THE RIM IN ORDER TO REMOVE THE PUNCTURED INNER TUBE.—

One writer who ran amuck at motor-'buses as a whole complained bitterly of the noise made by them when running through London, and seemed to think that the induction coils were much to blame in this particular. "These juggernauts with their buzzing coils," wrote he, as if the gentle resonance of the platinum-studded trembler blades, closed tightly within the coil-box, were only equalled by the steam buzzer of an up-to-date American factory. This complaint is on a par with most of the allegations of the daily Press, who, when moved by such an incident as the Handcross smash, seem to throw common sense to the winds, and wallow in a wild stew of hysterical verbiage.

Nothing has been more remarkable during the present competitive season than the continued hill-climbing successes of the Daimler cars. At the competition held up the very difficult climb in Mr. Phillipson-Stowe's delightful park on the 14th inst. the Daimlers ran into the first five places, having beaten a 40-horse power Berliet, a 45-horse power Napier, and a six-cylinder 30-40-horse power Humber. This competition, which was for the handsome Challenge Trophy presented by Mr. Henry Edmunds, an old and valued member of the Automobile Club, was held by the Rev. F. A. Potts with a 30-horse power Daimler, but he has now to relinquish the cup for the space of one year at least to Mr. George S. Barwick, who, also with a Daimler, beat him by twenty-one marks.

The Automobile Association, the Protectors of the Highways, are about to embark on a scheme of considerable magnitude, one, indeed, which should obtain for them the encouragement and support of all motorists who during and after next month betake themselves from the capital to the Scottish moors per motor-car. The Association proposes to safeguard the whole of the road running north from London through Barnet, Hatfield, Baldock, Stevenage, Biggleswade, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Retford, Bawtry, Doncaster, Boroughbridge, Leeming Lane, Scotch Corner, Darlington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Berwick, and Dunbar to Edinburgh. Their intelligent scouts will be posted at all points along the route which, by the instalment of police traps, the police have shown that they consider to require safeguarding. Of course, this will cause some of the scouts to be posted on far-away and desolate stretches of road, where the man of ordinary intelligence could not see danger in sixty miles an hour; but as the police, or the master minds who direct them, hold different opinions, the Association must follow the lead of the inscrutables. All information with regard to this scheme and the Association can be obtained from Mr. Stenson Cook, A.A., 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

The horribly unsportsmanlike and un-English practice of setting police traps on lonely stretches of road far removed from habitations or traffic is growing apace, and would appear to be the outcome of the savage desire of one class, who during many years of stagnation have come to regard the highways of this country as close preserves to their ambling pads, to harry and plunder a single class of road-users. An extremely useful diagrammatic map of Great Britain was published in the *Autocar* of the 21st inst., whereon are shown as nearly as maybe the exact locality of police traps along the main roads. Sussex and Surrey are, of course, blistered with them; but taking this map as correct on the whole, the western Midland Counties and Wales, except the extreme South, where no one desires to go, are free of this pestiferous form of persecution.

Our excellent friends across the Channel were more than moved last year at the precedence of the Olympia over the Grand Palais Show in the matter of date, and are apparently resolved that this shall not occur again. Their anxiety in this respect is a tribute to the growth and influence of our native industry, as typified by the strides made by such concerns as Argyll Motors, Limited, Napier, Clement-Talbot, and others, for if the French are convinced of anything they are most fully aware that in a very short time they will have to fight *d'outrance* to retain their hold upon the British and Colonial markets.

If the French journals are to be credited, that magnificent building, the Grand Palais de l'Industrie, which has sheltered the best automobile products of France each December for the last three or four years, is unavailable for motor-show purposes even one day earlier than hitherto. So that if our good friends *d'outrance* are to forestall the British Exhibition, they will have to establish their show elsewhere.

Although it is admitted that the Renault car won the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France very largely on its merits, it is undoubtedly a fact that had the Bayard or the Brasier cars been provided with *jantes amovibles* the race would have been a much closer one, if, indeed, the actual result had not been different. *Jante amovible*, which is to say "detachable rim," is a form of rim adopted by the Michelin people, and carrying a tyre ready inflated. This rim and tyre are secured to the wheel felloe and the flat steel tyre encircling it by means of small lugs on the former, and nutted studs passing through the latter. The detachable rim is slipped on to the wheel by register, and the nuts on the studs are screwed up or unscrewed, as



—AND THE LATEST METHOD OF AVOIDING THAT TROUBLESOME EXERCISE: FIXING THE NEW TYRE AND RIM COMBINED TO THE WHEEL BY MEANS OF AN ORDINARY CENTRE-BIT SPANNER.

the case may be, by a brace-spanner as shown in the accompanying illustration. The eight nuts are whipped off in no time, the tyre rim slipped off, another quickly pressed on in its place, the nuts screwed up with the brace, and a fresh tyre is installed. New tyres, ready inflated, were fitted to Siz's wheels at the *dépôt* during the great race in something under three minutes, with the minimum of labour. Some idea of the difference between the old and the new methods may be gleaned by the exasperating, exhausting levering operation depicted in the first illustration.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

COMING EVENTS—GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: NO TOP-HATS—SIGNALLING WINNERS.

THERE was a big crowd at Sandown to witness the race for the Eclipse Stakes. In my opinion, however, the ten-thousand-pounders are doomed, as the public do not get value out of these large class weight-for-age races, and for sport they prefer a £100 selling handicap in which the weights have been equitably apportioned. Unfortunately the big events become one-horse affairs as a rule, and these do not draw. However, a big gathering of aristocrats may always be confidently looked for at Esher at the Eclipse meeting. The paddock parade is, as a rule, a sight to see when the weather is favourable. It is a thousand pities that the Liverpool and Newbury meetings should have been allowed to clash, as both will suffer materially. The Liverpool Cup is not likely to produce many runners, and the race resolves itself on paper into a three-cornered fight between Velocity, Dinneford, and Best Light. The last-named has been a very unlucky horse, but he has a pull in the weights with Velocity, and should go very close this time. I am told that the Manton people do not really know how good Dinneford is; but the late Admiral Rous told us that weight should bring a horse and a donkey together, and it may be that the Royal Hunt Cup winner will meet his Waterloo at last. The Newbury Cup may be a very good race, but jockeys will be scarce on the opening day of the meeting, as many of the chief horsemen will be engaged at Aintree. I am told that Nutwith, who has been specially saved for this race, will go close.

Now that it is settled that his Majesty the King and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will stay at Goodwood House for the ducal meeting, the success of the reunion, from a social point of view, is absolutely assured. Many of the best houses in the neighbourhood of the course have been taken, and I am told that already hotel accommodation in Bognor, Southsea, Worthing, Shoreham, and Brighton is difficult to obtain for the Sussex fortnight. Many busy businessmen do the Goodwood meeting from London each day, and the railway company issues a very cheap season-ticket, costing five pounds for the fortnight, which extends from London to Chichester, in the west, and to Lewes, in the east, available at all the intermediate stations. The sport at Goodwood will be better than was thought at one time, as several good two-year-old races will be run. Of course, the big dish of the meeting is the Stewards' Cup, and I am told that this race will be won either by Athleague or by Foresight. The starting-post is so arranged now that the draw will make little or no difference. It will, I am told, not be a top-hat

Goodwood, as the Queen will not be present; and if the weather is very warm, the boxer will have to give way to the strawyard or the panama. The police are going to be very strict with motor-cars this year, so I give the warning that reckless drivers may regulate their paces. For the sake of saving a few minutes I think it amounts to a crime to drive fast down either Trundle Hill or the Birdless Grove—*verb. sap.* A number of lady and gentlemen cyclists visit the course from the neighbouring towns and villages, and good accommodation will be found in the neighbourhood of the grand stand for cyclists and motor-bikes. The garage is always well patronised by motorists.

It may not be generally known that enterprise has worked wonders in the transmission of winners from the course to the tape-machines in London. I am told that at the last Lingfield meeting the winners were signalled four miles, and were then despatched by telephone to London, the ordinary telegraphic messages being beaten by many minutes. Now, if it is possible for private enterprise to do this, why not acknowledge the "tick-tack" as a boon and a blessing; and provide for its general use, both on the course

and off? Why suggest that telephones should be set up from the starting-posts to the stands when the starter could easily adopt the "tick-tack"? I am almost certain I saw an officer "tick-tacking" to his men, who were marching through the London streets recently. If I was wrong there is yet the idea that some enterprising young blood might perfect the system, which would beat that of flag-signalling hollow, and, what is more, the apparatus is always to hand. No need for flags and code-books.

Anyone could devise a "tick-tack" alphabet, which, by-the-by, could not be easily found out by those not in the secret. For years the bookmakers have adopted the system for discovering alterations in the price current, while big speculators who back horses in running have often, by the aid of the "tick-tack," been enabled to support long-priced winners when a favourite has been left at the post. It is a system with no end of possibilities, and it is one that should be encouraged by the authorities. We live in quick-lunch days, and anything that tends to smartness does the sport of kings no end of good. The dry-as-dust antediluvians may tell you that the old styles and methods are good enough for them; but these are the men who, sooner or later, are badly left in the race for wealth.

CAPTAIN COE.



Miss Hersheimer. Miss Kellermann.
FAIR SWIMMERS IN THE SEINE: MISS HERSHEYER AND MISS KELLERMANN, TWO OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE SEVEN-MILE RACE IN "THE THAMES OF PARIS."

Miss Kellermann finished seventh. There were three lady competitors.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE KING IN "GOGGLES": HIS MAJESTY LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR NEWMARKET.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE social season is now at an end in the two great towns of this ancient planet. Fair Parisiennes and pale Londoners have alike left their respective whirlpools of gaiety. Dancing, dining, and receiving friends have been exchanged for other pleasures of the merry modern *mondaine*. House-fronts in the best parts of both capitals present an unbroken line of down-drawn blinds, and

account of their comparative inexpensiveness. "Barroque" pearls—so called because of their irregularities of surface—are now largely used in what one great jeweller calls *bijoux d'été*. The topaz, amethyst, and smaller rubies and emeralds are also greatly employed; while, again, many women possess themselves of the dainty trifles introduced by the Parisian Diamond Company, whose jewels, always set *à jour*, and mounted in gold, are of an elegance and originality never heretofore achieved. As evidence that this is no undue praise, an accompanying illustration of a tiara and diamond-mounted fan will show to what perfection of elegance highly skilled gem-setting can attain; while the collar of pearls with diamond slides set in enamels of blue, ruby, or any desired tint makes the last development of this always popular ornament.

L'existence mondaine becomes a more complicated affair year by year as luxury increases, and the number of trunks required for the summer holiday grows apace: endless dainty muslins for the morning "cure"; serge tailor-mades, with smart short skirts, high belts of pale-tinted silk or kid, and *chic* little bolero or short-basqued jacket must be packed for dull days. For warmer days there are the elaborately embroidered gowns of white linen, so indispensable for an effective appearance on *plage*; at the Casino, foulard frocks, alpaca frocks, and other frocks; for the evening, black gowns, *pailleté* for greater occasions; and, as the French dressmaker said when she had exhausted a list of trousseau unnecessaries for a rich customer—*et puis bien d'autres*. Then there must be cloaks sufficiently gorgeous to accompany all such elegancies of costume to the *salle de jeu* or dance at the club. Blouses galore, besides lingerie without end—jupons in



[Copyright.]

A YACHTING-DRESS OF WHITE FLANNEL.

Jacques and Jeanne, as well as Jeames and Jane, have been put on the mitigated régime known as "board wages" while their employers disport themselves *en villégiature* or at the seaside, as the case may be. In view of recent illuminating articles concerning the systematised robberies that daily take place abroad and at home, women become more wary in the matter of carrying jewels about, even when country-house visiting. Diamond necklaces are consigned to their cases, tiaras and other matters of mineralogical importance are personally conducted to the bank cellar, and an altogether more cautious attitude adopted in the case of such costly belongings. Those who travel abroad will be wise in remembering that no single Continental resort is free from the gangs of international thieves who frequent the best hotels, travel first class, speak several languages, whose business it is to be ingratiating, plausible, and *bien soigné*, and from whom no jewel-case, dressing-bag, or locked bedroom is safe.

Seeing, however, that summer is the season when lovely woman is most in evidence, be her home for the moment where it may, the law against carrying expensive jewels does not apply to the fantasies produced nowadays by the artistic gem-setter. Charming and highly artistic reproductions of the old fifteenth and sixteenth century pendants, rings, and brooches, rendered in enamel and coloured stones, while infinitely less expensive than the diamonds and pearls of our best affections, are sufficiently enlivening to the laces and furbelows of the complicated summer costume to be sufficiently beautiful and *chic* to prevent any visible hiatus in the smart woman's altogether, while presenting no temptation to the jewel-thief on

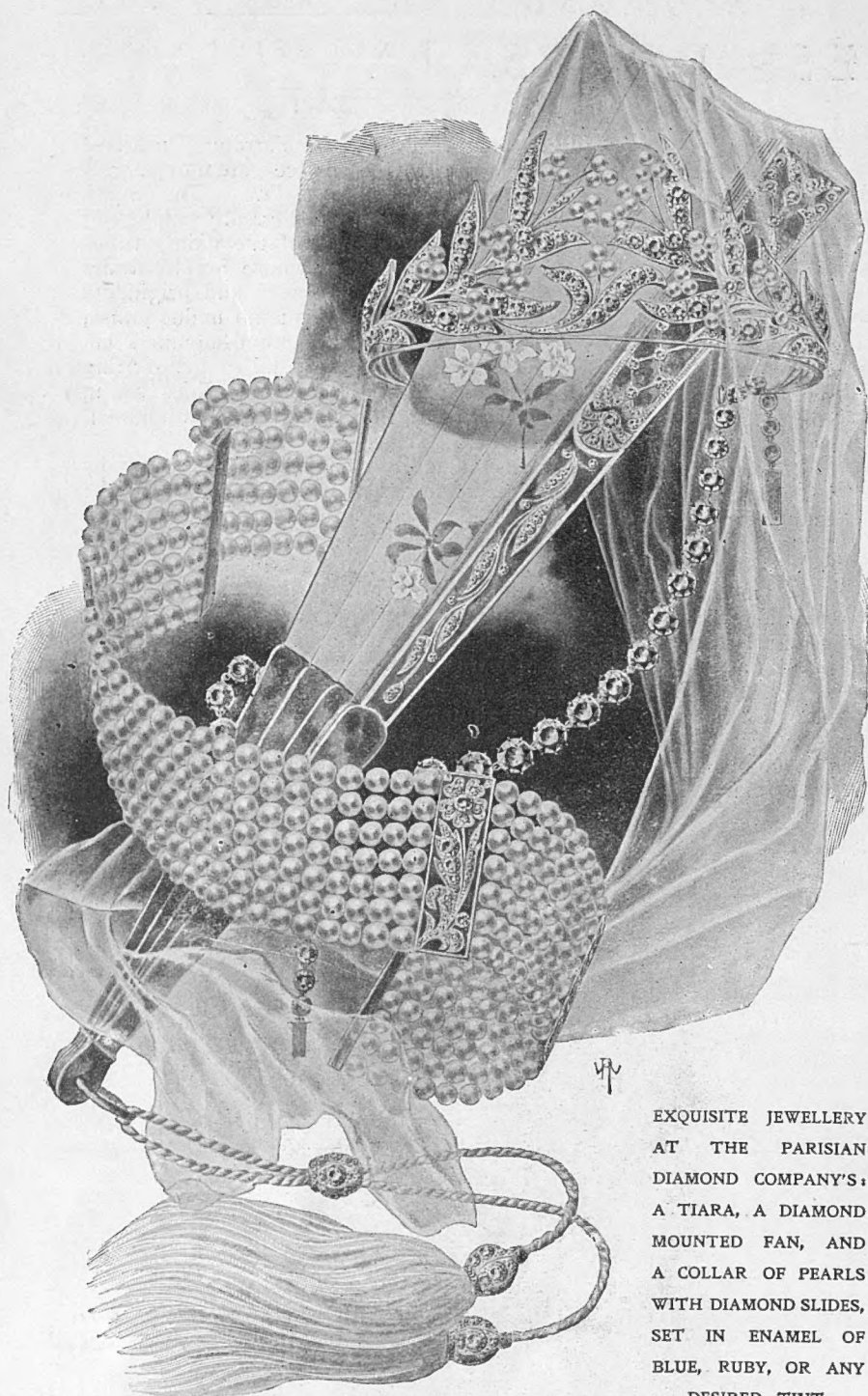


[Copyright.]

THE UP-TO-DATE COAT.

silk, cambric, and what not, besides the separate box for millinery, the separate box for boots and shoes, and the case for umbrellas, have also to be accounted for. From which it may be gathered that the "progress" of a fashionable woman from one place to another is an affair of the most serious kind in summer weather—when nothing seems

EN PASSANT.



EXQUISITE JEWELLERY
AT THE PARISIAN
DIAMOND COMPANY'S:
A TIARA, A DIAMOND
MOUNTED FAN, AND
A COLLAR OF PEARLS
WITH DIAMOND SLIDES,
SET IN ENAMEL OF
BLUE, RUBY, OR ANY
DESIRED TINT.

too exaggerated or elaborate to wear, and the clever Gallic *couturière* exerts all her overflowing ingenuity for bizarre and extreme effects, which, however possible at watering places in the sunshiny days of summer, would not be entertained or attempted in the soberer moods of spring or autumn.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ELLICE.—You could arrange the character of the flower by wearing a lavender-tinted frock trimmed with branches of the blossom, a wreath or coronet of the same, and have long sheaves tied to an Empire staff. As this is just the season for lavender, it would be easy enough to carry it into effect. (2) You probably mean the Breton embroidery done by the peasants, which greatly resembles Cairene work.—SYBIL.

REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT TO MR. ST. JOHN HARMSWORTH.

His many friends and acquaintances heard last week with the keenest regret of the terrible injuries received by Mr. St. John Harmsworth, a younger brother of Lord Northcliffe, in a motor accident. At the moment of writing there seems more hope than there was that Mr. Harmsworth's life will be spared, a consummation much to be desired. The smash occurred, as most know, near Hatfield. Mr. Harmsworth was returning to London in a heavy Napier brougham on Wednesday night of last week, when the chauffeur, a thoroughly experienced man, mistook the road and drove the car at great speed into a steep hedge at Tinker's Hill. Both master and man were pitched out on to the bank. The driver's injuries were comparatively slight; Mr. Harmsworth's, unfortunately, very grave.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Jacques H. Duveen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Duveen, and Miss Annie Ford, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ford, of St. John's Wood.

Archers All.

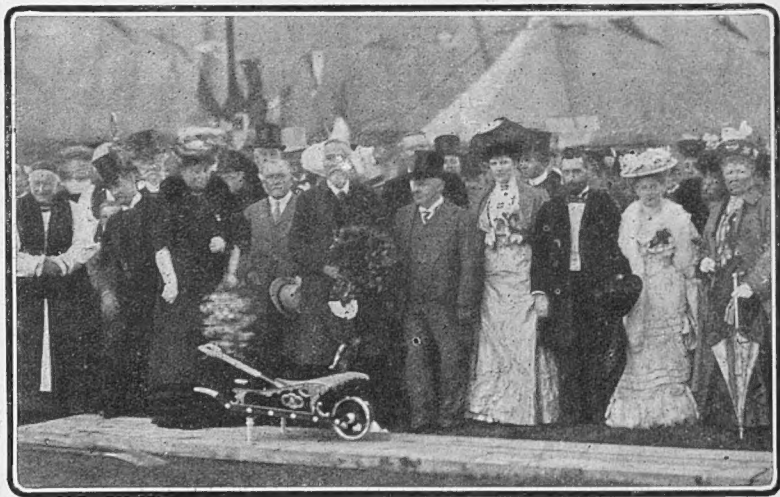
Will the latest feats with the bow and arrow of Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey popularise archery once more in England? Until well on in the reign of Queen Victoria archery was one of the few sports which, according to the strict letter of authority, might legally be followed. Even to-day the bowmen have a more conspicuous place in the land than is commonly recognised. The Honourable Artillery Company were originally archers. When the King goes to Scotland his bodyguard consists of archers; the Royal Company of Archers, oldest body of this description in the kingdom, whose captain-general, always a nobleman of exalted lineage, is Gold Stick for Scotland. To see the best archery in the world to-day one must watch the Tartars, the Chinese, and the Persians at their sports, though your Hottentot and Bushman still draw a good bow. The finest warriors with the bow that the world has known were the English who triumphed at Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. But there have been bowmen in European warfare later than some of us remember. The Cossacks fought at Leipsic against Napoleon, with the bow and arrow for weapons, and the Cossacks who entered Paris in the year before Waterloo were to a man armed in the same manner.

The Lords.

"What would you like to see?" says the member of the House of Commons to lady visitors on the Terrace. As a rule they say they would like to see the Lords. So, after peeping in at the door of the Lower House, they are taken to the Gilded Chamber. The Lords, however, are not content with being a show. Week after week they have met and passed Private Bills and discussed abstract motions; but the season is ended, and still they have received none of the great legislative measures. In the circumstances they are rather indignant. They will have to spend many weeks in autumn considering the Education Bill and other projects for which they have no liking. Peers are reluctant to live in London from October to December, but they will come to do their duty.

The "Teuf-teuf" Elopement.

The automobile is changing everything in France. It has powdered the hedgerows and forests with white dust, it has awakened the old villages, it has changed even the marriages. In the good old days, when there was no "teuf-teuf" vibrating beneath my lady's bower, when Romeo had to scale the wall with a rope, and employ other primitive means to deliver the lady from her father's castle, an elopement was a difficult and dangerous operation. Now it has become as easy as the smoke of petrol (and of grease). The motor waits beneath the garden wall. The gate opens, revealing a vista of rose-trees and a maiden fair. Quick! there is no time for poetry. Manly arms encircle the feminine waist, and the dainty burden is hoisted into the car. Romeo is disguised in great goggles and a chauffeur's coat of leather. The engine throbs—so do their hearts. A touch of the lever—away! away! Papa pursues; a huge outcry. Fifteen days pass, rapturous days. Married in distant town; receive tardy blessing of parents, who recognise game is up. And this is how they elope in France. It is quite the fashion. A recent instance comes from Versailles, and concerns a farmer's daughter. Same old story with a happy ending.



THE TURNING OF THE FIRST SOD OF THE NEW GREAT DOCK TO BE BUILT AT IMMINGHAM BY THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY, AND THE BARROW AND SPADE USED BY LADY HENDERSON.

The great dock to be built at Immingham by the Great Central Railway Company was inaugurated last week, when Lady Henderson, wife of Sir Alexander Henderson, Chairman of the Company, turned the first sod. Before this was done, the Bishop of Lincoln conducted a short service. Speaking at the luncheon that followed the ceremony, Lord Heneage stated that he expected the dock to become a great national asset, as it would be capable of berthing the largest ship. The handsome barrow and spade used by Lady Henderson were specially made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

THE troubles to which we referred last week have by no means passed away, and the exaggeration of current gossip has, as usual, magnified the mischief. There is little doubt that one of the big financial houses is in "a very tight place," but we are sorry to say that the methods in vogue in the early 'nineties to prevent a smash are again finding favour; and those of us who remember the long-drawn-out Baring liquidation look forward with dread to a repetition of the process. At the bottom of the present trouble is undoubtedly the position in Russia, which day by day gets worse, and not only paralyses the French Markets, but hangs like a nightmare over all the money markets of Europe. The price of the new Russian scrip is a pretty good barometer of the outlook, and our readers would do well to watch its fluctuations as a guide to what may be expected to happen. Good bank returns, good traffic receipts, splendid gold yields all count for little when the fear of a great smash or a long-drawn-out liquidation has once fairly got hold of men's minds, and this is the state of the Stock Exchange for the moment.

Despite all the gloom there is no doubt that the trade of the country is very flourishing, as we see, not only from the railway traffics, but in the reports of such concerns as Pease and Partners (whose prosperity has not been so pronounced as it now is since 1902-3), the Normanby Ironworks, Isaac Holden, and fifty more.

"Q" ON INVESTMENTS.

Our valued correspondent "Q" thinks it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good, and he has seized the present opportunity to bring before our readers several investments which he considers attractive, and which will yield on an average quite 5½ per cent. With every line in his letter we are in cordial accord, except, perhaps, the optimistic view he takes of an early improvement; but whether the time be long or short, there can be no doubt of the soundness of "Q's" recommendations from an income-yielding point of view.

The period of depression through which the Stock Exchange has been passing is very trying to speculators, and to all those who for any reason may be obliged to realise, but affords a golden opportunity for those who have money to invest, to pick up first-class stocks at prices well below their intrinsic value. In fact, at such times intrinsic value is apt to be disregarded altogether, and jobbers will refuse to quote prices for stocks unless they can dispose of them again directly afterwards. As to the causes for the prevailing depression, I have not space to enter into them here, and they have been discussed *ad nauseam* in every newspaper; but I will venture to prophesy that these conditions are not going to last for ever, nor, perhaps, as long as some possibly interested persons are inclined to anticipate. Meanwhile, as I said above, the investor has a fine opportunity of buying securities at prices which would otherwise be impossible.

Take, for example, San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock. It is probably true to say that the San Paulo Railway was never in a sounder position than to-day, and its 12 per cent. dividend never more assured. And yet the stock is some 15 points below the highest price touched last year, and can be bought to return nearly 6 per cent. The gross traffics for the half-year which ended on June 30 show an increase over the corresponding period of 1905 of £18,000, while the coffee crop now being marketed is reported to be large, and is estimated at 9 million bags, as compared with 7½ millions in 1905. But the point to remember is that, even if traffic receipts were to decline very seriously, the 12 per cent. dividend would not be endangered, for the net earnings last year would have allowed of a distribution of over 18 per cent. In the past five years, while paying 12 per cent each year, no less than £472,000 has been carried to various reserves, and the Reserve Fund has been raised to £635,500, of which over half-a-million is invested in Consols. There is no intention of increasing the dividend beyond 12 per cent.; as the Chairman remarked at the last meeting, "our policy is to make your dividends as steady and safe as possible; and at the same time to do our duty to the State, and to make concessions wherever we can, so as to conciliate all interests." In about twenty years the Brazilian Government has the right to buy the Railway, but only on terms which will secure a return equal to the average of the preceding five years. At present this would be about £240 per cent., so there is nothing in this to cause anxiety. I can only say that if any of your readers know of a better investment to return nearly 6 per cent., I shall be very glad to hear of it.

Of the prospects of another railway, the United Railways of the Havana, I wrote to you recently, and will say nothing more now except that it is a very promising investment. The Autofagasta and Bolivia Railway is doing so well that it has maintained its price in spite of market conditions; but its prospects are so brilliant that no doubt in more favourable circumstances the price of the Ordinary and Deferred stocks would have been still higher. At the meeting last week it was announced that the reorganisation of the capital would be carried through in August, and that an interim dividend on account of the current year would be paid about the end of the month. Under the new capital scheme, holders of the undivided Ordinary stock will receive in exchange for every £100 of such stock £50 of 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock, £75 of 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary, and £75 of Deferred stock. The net receipts of the railway for the year ending Dec. 31 last were

£372,000, the working expenses having been 55 per cent. of the gross receipts. For the first six months of this year the gross receipts have increased by £129,000. Assuming that only 40 per cent. of this is retained as net profit, it represents an increase in the net profit of £52,000. The second half of the year is likely to show a larger increase, owing to the opening of new branches, the increasing nitrate traffic, etc.; but, assuming that the same rate of improvement is maintained as in the first half, the net profit for the whole year should amount to £476,000, and the following figures will show what sum would be available for the Deferred stock—

Net profit, 1905	£372,000
Add estimated increase 1906	104,000
Total	£476,000
Debt interest requires	85,000
Balance	£391,000
£1,100,000 5 per cent. Cum. Pref. int.	55,000
Balance	£336,000
£1,650,000 6 per cent. Pref. Ord. int.	99,000
Balance	£237,000
10 per cent. on £1,650,000 Deferred	165,000
Surplus	£72,000

I do not say that 10 per cent. is certain to be paid on the new Deferred stock, but there can be little doubt that more than 10 per cent. will be earned this year. The districts served by the Railway are extraordinarily prosperous, owing to the high prices current for tin and other metals, and to the great expansion of the Nitrate trade in Autofagasta.

In conclusion, I should like to mention another class of stocks which can be bought absurdly cheap at the moment—I mean some of the best of the Financial Trusts. The three following are among the best—

	Present price.	Highest this year.	Return per cent.
American Investment Deferred	122½	130	£5 14 0
Foreign and Colonial "	127½	137½	£5 10 0
Foreign, American, and General "	102	112	£5 8 0

There cannot be any doubt as to each and all of these stocks maintaining and probably gradually increasing their rates of distribution, and investors will be well advised to pick them up when an opportunity offers. Q.

July 21, 1906.

HOME RAILS.

This market continues to sag, not because there are so many sellers, as because there are no buyers. Despite good traffics and, so far, good dividends, nearly every stock shows a decline, and this goes on almost every day. The Great Central declaration, which is the last to hand at the time of writing, is up to most people's anticipations, for whereas

last year 3 per cent. was paid on the 1881 issue, on this occasion a dividend at the rate of two per cent. is declared on the 1889 stock, and there is a larger sum over; but, all the same, not the slightest filip is given to the market and not a single buyer is attracted. No wonder the Stock Exchange is beginning to get broken-hearted and despairing. Granted that people with money are frightened of the legislation to be expected from the present Government, of Labour troubles, of the spirit of general unrest which is abroad, it is extremely significant that the best of our Home Railways can be bought to yield quite 4 per cent. on the money invested, and even at such a price there are no buyers.

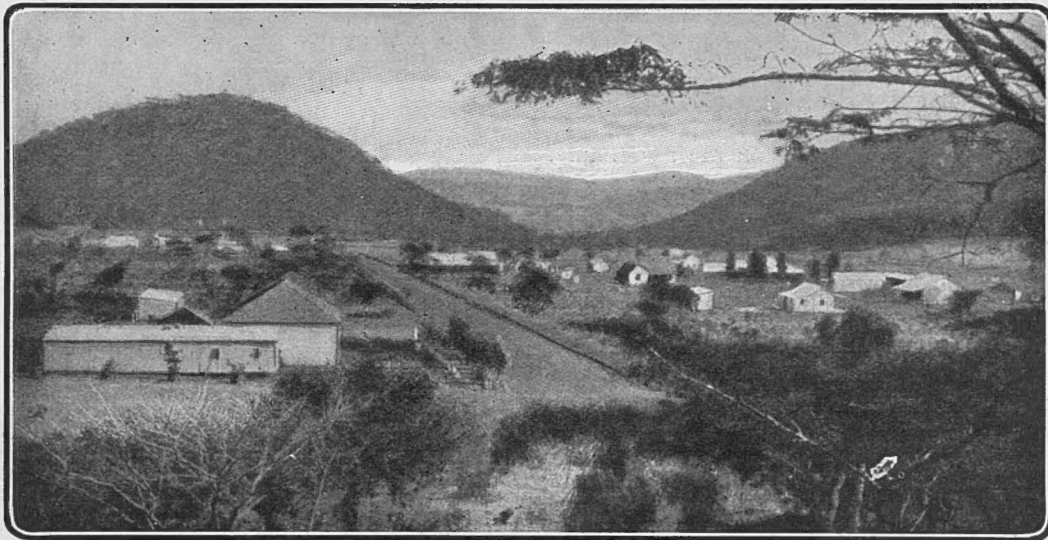
The fear of a great crisis in Lombard Street would account for the absence of professional and speculative buying, but the strength of this market has for years been the steady absorption of stocks by the quiet middle-class investor, who pays for what he orders, and would no more "contango" his purchases than gamble in mines, or vote Radical at an election. Has the race died out?

ODDS AND ENDS.

That even in these times the public has sufficient discrimination to know a good thing when they see it, is proved by the success of the Chilian Transandine Debentures issue, which was considerably over-subscribed. The 5 per cent. bonds were offered at 90, with a twenty-year guarantee of the Chilian Government, and for a security returning 5½ per cent. were a first-class opportunity.

By the time these notes are in print the Tokio Municipal loan will be issued. The interest will be 5 per cent., but the price of issue we do not yet know, although we have no doubt that it will be made attractive, and that the affair will be a success. Our readers who are looking for good opportunities to invest spare cash should examine the prospectus closely as soon as it is made public.

We understand that the Debenture-holders' Committee of the Beira Railway have requisitioned the trustees to call a meeting, and that the probable date will be July 30. It is understood that resolutions approving the scheme of arrangement lately put forward by the



SELUKWE TOWNSHIP, RHODESIA.

Committee will be submitted and, no doubt, carried, but we do not quite understand how the recommendations will even then be enforced. The difficulty in the way of the Debenture-holders is the prior rent-charge of £42,000 a year, which, if the Debenture-holders enforce their rights and take possession of the railway, will be capitalised. The only satisfactory solution appears to be to raise sufficient money to pay off the prior encumbrance and clear the line of the control of the Chartered Company, and this, at a fitting time and with the present traffics, should not be a really difficult thing to accomplish.

The directors' scheme for finding the arrears of Preference dividend in the Argentine Land Company was deservedly thrown out at the meeting, with hardly a voice raised in its defence, and a committee was appointed to see if a more acceptable plan could be devised. Whether the conflicting ideas of the two classes of shareholders can be reconciled is doubtful; but the committee have, we hear, put forward for the consideration of the Board a plan which has the merit of not being too ambitious, and of requiring no Act of Parliament to carry it out.

THE GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

On the whole, the report and accounts of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, just published, are satisfactory documents, although at first glance it looks as if profits were still shrinking. The gross revenue has increased from £830,384 last year to £842,250 this year, and although the large sum of £62,788 has been applied out of current revenue to maintenance and repairs, the net available balance is only £300 less than last year. The business is a huge one, as a glance at the figures for the last two years will show. In the year ending May 31, 1905, the business done amounted to £829,772, while for the corresponding date in 1906 the figure was £841,667; the wines, spirits, and provisions consumed totalled £282,024 and £288,000 respectively; and the working expenses £329,186 and £330,176. It seems that after providing for Debenture interest, the net profit on the year's working amounts to £82,735, or as nearly as possible 10 per cent. on the total volume of business done.

In these days when all hotel-keepers are complaining that people do not drink so many expensive wines and are generally less extravagant than they were a few years ago, the result of the trading cannot be considered unsatisfactory, especially as we think it should be maintained, and perhaps slightly improved upon in the near future.

Saturday, July 21, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ST. KILDA.—Why not buy Argentine Land 5 per cent. Preference shares? Your dividend is sure to be paid, and you will get a good bonus in some form as

capitalisation of old arrears. American Freehold Land Preference shares are cheap and a very fair investment. The Railway Debentures are not bad, but we prefer Villa Maria Preference, guaranteed by the B.A. and Pacific. The Japs are all right to hold. Our advice is to leave the Kaffirs alone.

ENGINEER.—We have sent you the paper. The Pacific Company will probably not pay a dividend till next spring. We can add nothing to what has been said in the paper as to the respective merits of the Companies.

E.P.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. You may depend upon the firm buying at the lowest possible price.

CONTANGO.—When you carry over stock from account to account you pay "contango" to delay the settlement, and this is supposed to correspond to interest upon the unpaid purchase money which you keep in your pocket, and the seller does not insist on receiving. Sometimes if the particular stock is very scarce the seller pays a "backwardation" as an inducement to prevent you from insisting on delivery. It is difficult to give you a more lucid explanation within the space available for an answer.

J. P. H.—We cannot do better than refer you to "Q.'s" letter in this week's issue. Why not add a Nitrate Company or two—say, Barrechea and perhaps Pacific—by way of a little speculation? We think American Freehold Land 6 per cent. Preference and Apollinaris Preference would also pay to buy.

J. M.—Your proposals for an exchange are judicious, as the C.-P. bonds are a wasting security. Why not put some of the proceeds into Villa Maria Preference, which is an improving security? See answer to "St. Kilda." The Brazilian bonds are a good second-class investment. We prefer Chilean Transandine Debentures just issued.

JOBURG.—We think with you that the concern has one or two good assets. It has a very bad name, and is very much out of favour with the market. All Kaffirs are hopeless until the labour question and the Constitution are settled, and we see little chance of a general improvement at present.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The sport at Liverpool should be of the top class. From information received, I shall plump for Wild Lad for the Liverpool Cup. For other events, I fancy the following: Mersey Stakes, Weathercock; Molyneux Plate, Glucose; Grasmere Handicap, Chapeau; St. George's Stakes, Anniversary II.; Windermere Handicap, Bill of the Play; Liverpool Plate, Bibury; Riverside Handicap, Yellow Peril; Great Lancashire Breeders' Stakes, Witch Elm; Knowsley Dinner Stakes, Black Arrow; Croxteth Plate, Part Malt. At Windsor Catnap may win the Eton Handicap; Polar Star the Royal Plate; Isabelita the July Handicap; and Scrambler the Thames Handicap. At Newbury I think Ramrod will win the Newbury Cup. Some of these may run well: Ogbourne Welter, Ritchie; Kennet Plate, Balbriggan; Wiltshire Handicap, Deal; Netheravon Handicap, Shimose; Empire Stakes, Catapult; Ormonde Stakes, Spate. For the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood Athleague and Foresight are greatly fancied.

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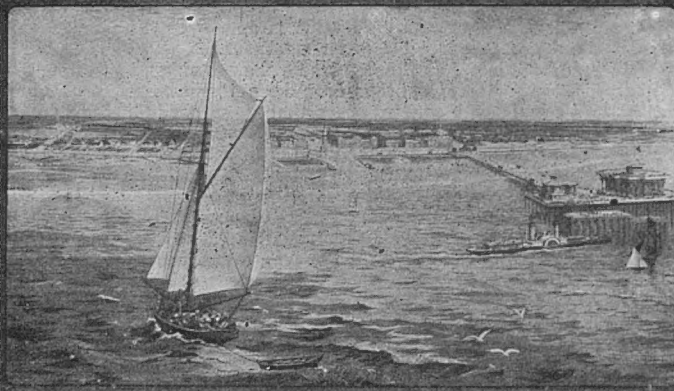
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